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Original Poetry.

GEROLDANE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY ALICE CARY.

"Dismal through the ruined gate
Drives the heavy rain,
Good, my friends, I pray you wait—"
So said Geroldane:

"Wait until the morning shines
Through my casement bright"—
So his three stout chamberlains
Sat and watched all night.

Good brown ale they freely quaffed,
Jesting merrily,
But the while they gaily laughed,
Geroldane would sigh.

Turning oft his glance away,
Tremblingly he said,
"Has there come ill news to-day
Of a lady dead?"

"Nay, my lord," they all replied,
Smiling at the whim,
Thinking if a lady died,
What was that to him.

In his eyes were looks of fear,
And he listened well,
Saying sounds were in his ear
Like a funeral bell.

Then the merriest of the three
Said to Geroldane,
While the wind moaned drearily
Through the dismal rain—

"Rouse you, my fair lord, and talk
Of your own sweet bride"—
"If to-night a ghost should walk,"
Geroldane replied,

"You would hush the idle speech
You till now have had"—
Then the three men each to each
Whispered, "he is mad."

Fell a knocking on the door,
And two monks were seen,
One behind and one before,
And a corpse between.

Geroldane grew white with fear,
Whiter than the dead,
When the monks that bore the bier,
Black and silent, said:

"A holy shrift the lady Grace
We granted yesternight—
The shroud turn off and kiss her face—
My lord, it is your right."

No word beside the bearers said—
The lord began to weep,
And kneeling, prayed beside the dead
Like one whose sins were deep.

And when he moved the shroud, in awe,
And moaning all the while,
The chamberlains declare they saw
The lady almost smile.

Within a tomb where proudly slept
The young lord's ancient race,
When seven days mourning had been kept,
They laid the lady Grace.

And why proud Geroldane should fear,
Or if he wept for sin,
Why bore the monks the lady's bier,
And what her death had been,

The chamberlains could never tell,
But all alike declare,
There never rang a marriage bell
For Geroldane the fair.

Original Novelet.

THE MINISTER'S CHOICE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER I.

"Yes, that is the way with you all, you young men. You see a sweet face, or a something you know not what, and flickering reason says, 'Good-night!' amen to common sense! The imagination invests the beloved object with a thousand superlative charms; adorns her with all the purple and fine linen, all the rich apparel and furniture of human nature." *Longfellow:—Hyperion.*

Throughout a brilliant season at Newport, some nine or ten years ago, the honors of supreme belle-hood were accorded, by almost universal acclamation, to a beautiful French Creole, from New Orleans.

Undeniably, M'lle Estelle Le Grange was a very charming creature. With little pure intellect, and no solid culture, she had much ready, available talent, many showy accomplishments and native graces, with art, tact, and finesse inexhaustible. Before fair English girls of her age had discarded short frocks and Kenwigsian braids, she had opened her first campaign of fashion, and closed it with brilliant success—parading, like a warlike Roman Empress, a goodly host of captives in her train. From this time, the unconquerable thirst of conquest burned in her heart, and the pure draughts of intellectual pleasure and the sweet waters of affection alike palled upon her lips. In short, by nature and choice, through art, and by want of principle, she was a coquette—and a coquette of the most dangerous type, making successful attacks upon the best-guarded hearts, through subtle, unsuspected ways—veiling her cruel intent with a sort of innocent *naïveté*, which, like the long lashes that softened the keen flashing of her dark southern eyes, only added to her Circean fascinations.

An only child, a beauty and an heiress, spoiled alike at home and abroad, much was pardoned in her of wilfulness and waywardness and whimsical caprice by all men, and most women. She was "so young," "so sweetly pretty," "so delightfully *naive*," "so childish and playful." Nobody, except it might be a rival belle, or a beauty *passée*, thought of calling her to account for her words and ways—while as for *opinions*, she was too exquisitely feminine to have anything of the sort.

At the time of her advent at Newport, she was just gliding out of the rosy teens into the golden twenties, and entering upon the prime of that early-matured southern beauty with which she was so bounteously endowed. Again she came forth, "conquering and to conquer." Past seasons in her native city, at Saratoga, Cape May, and various southern watering-places were quite thrown into the shade by the triumphs of this. All felt, confessed, and bowed to her sway. Such as were not dazzled by her wit, her grace, and piquancy, were flattered into admiration by her appealing softness of speech and manner, or melted into love by the brooding passion in her eyes, and the languid sweetness of her smile. She preferred, whenever it was possible, to converse in her own language, which she spoke charmingly; with our grave mother-tongue she gracefully trifled, twisting and wreathing it into a thousand quaint little Frenchified expressions,—trilling out the familiar, homely words with a sweet, bewildering foreign accent; so that it was said "her delicious broken English" had broken scores of hearts, and her sins against grammatical construction captivated poets and scholars.

I have said that *all* acknowledged the supremacy and the charm of her beauty. But no; there was one handsome young Mordecai who coolly refused his homage, till the heart of the belle was disquieted within her. This audacious incorrigible was a young clergyman from Virginia—remarkable alike for the beauty of his person and the refined elegance of his manner, with the reputation of possessing a brilliant intellect, enriched by careful culture.

The Rev. Charles Ellsworth—for such, dear reader, was the name and title of my hero—mingled very little in the fashionable society of the seaside—but, reserved to haughtiness, poetic or melancholy, coldly stood aloof from all its artificial pleasures, and pleasure-seekers. Much too handsome to be made the object of pertinacious attentions from his own sex, and apparently insensible to the admiration and timid advances of the other, he went his proud and solitary way,—bathing, and strolling, and lounging on the rocks,—the most stolid, or the most sentimental of men. Many a mose-hunting beauty laid little plans, and executed skillful little manœuvres to meet him frequently face to face on the sands;—many a gay dancer left the ball-room to promenade on the piazza of the Ocean House, when he gracefully reclined in an easy chair, or stood leaning against a pillar, his pale, classical face looking "so interesting and poetic in the moonlight."

It never came out by what masterly manœuvre M'lle Le Grange made the acquaintance of Mr. Ellsworth; but she did make it, and a decided impression at the same time—which, however, she, with her usual art, declined to follow up, leaving everything in the hands of that gentleman himself—counting securely, in her exulting heart, on the result.

It was gradually and reluctantly that the young clergyman resigned himself to the spells of the sorceress, and listened to "the voice of the charmer." It was not that he feared for his success, should he really enter the lists as a suitor; for his holy profession had not, I am sorry to say, wholly subdued, or greatly chastened, a goodly share of natural vanity, for which weakness there was, indeed, a very fair excuse. But Mr. Ellsworth was a gentleman of refined, even fastidious tastes, and manners peculiarly reserved and circumspect, and the first thought of wooing and wedding a fashionable belle, with a sad reputation for flirtations and coquetries, and some rather unfeminine eccentricities of character and life, quite revolted him. Nor was he wanting in acute perception of the peculiar proprieties belonging to his position, and his sober judgment told him at once, that such a woman as Estelle Le Grange, were a most wofully unsuitable wife for him, with his sacred engrossing duties, his quiet, studious habits and modest means. No,—actual love and marriage were altogether out of the question; but M'lle Le Grange, *malgré* her grave faults, was a very charming woman, with whom to while away an idle hour occasionally. She treated him with such a delicate yet childlike deference,—she received both his coldness and his satire with such a delicious unconsciousness of manner that he was struck, interested, and secretly enchanted.

The beautiful Creole had been, from the first, piqued out of her proud languor and quiet insolence of power, by Ellsworth's polished indifference, into an interest keener and more ardent than she had ever before felt; and in her wicked little heart, she vowed a wicked little vow to use every wile and art which nature, practice and experience had given her, to bring the audacious rebel to her feet—and then, to *spurn him*. She was clever enough to see that Ellsworth's heart was not one to be dared, or dazzled into love—but to be gradually and softly approached, and insidiously won upon. So it was that she modestly deferred to him in countless little ways, and seemed to be ruled and satisfied by his decisions. So it was that she subdued her own wild, passionate spirit, till her waywardness, her freaks of humour, and bursts of petulance gradually assumed a mythical character in his mind. To humour his own serious moods, she had a way of passing in her wild flights of merriment, at his approach, and sinking at once into the most feminine quietude—like a poor tamed bird that had been tossed into the air by cruel jesters, sorely against its will, and now dropped wearily to his hand, and cooed its gentle content into his ear. Slowly, but steadily, she went on, conquering or corrupting guard after guard of his well-defended heart, till the citadel was won.

Yes, the fastidious and dignified divine was overcome at last—pride, proprieties, prejudices, judgment and all. Slowly and imperceptibly the subtle intoxication stole over his senses, till every vein thrilled with the strange rapture, and his brain swam in the pleasant delirium of a first passion.

The infatuated lover was not wholly without warning of the doleful fate which awaited him. Several pitying hands clutched at his clerical robes as he was about to take the cold plunge of a hopeless declaration. One kind friend in especial, took occasion to caution him, in a delicate way, as they two sat at breakfast one morning in Ellsworth's room, by relating his own sorrowful experience. But, as Ellsworth looked from the diminutive form and commonplace features of his companion—a fashionable youth, with a very sparse growth of pale, yellow beard and moustache—to the reflection of his own symmetrical figure and handsome face, in the glass opposite, he proudly tossed the rich curls from his forehead, and said to himself, with a confident smile—"The cases are hardly parallel, my poor fellow."

At last, he took the fatal, irrevocable leap—not, as he thought, in the dark, but in the full, jubilant torch-light of Hope. Love and Joy, fair enticing shapes, beckoned him from below, and held up their inviting arms—but as he leapt, sprang treacherously aside, and when he was down, turned upon him, and like malicious elves, laughed at his fall;—something such a reception as it is said, the wily sea-maidens give the simple landsmen, whom, with singing and smiling, and the reaching upward of fond arms, white as the sea-foam, and wreathed about with ocean-gems, they allure to plunge from beetling rocks, into the sparkling deep—where they mock them, and flout them, and lash them to death with their tails.

In short, the Reverend Charles Ellsworth was rejected, as many respectable but unfortunate laymen had been before him.

Yet not at once did he receive the word of doom. The fair Estelle took twenty-four hours—an unprecedented thing for her—for the consideration of his proposal, which was made through a very carefully and eloquently worded letter. With his profound respect, not to say admiration for himself, and with, as he believed, his perfect understanding of the state of his mistress' affections, it must be confessed that he preferred his suit with few misgivings. Yet did he condescend to plead, where he felt assured he might virtually command, and feigned the modest doubts and palpitating fears so becoming to a lover.

This conquest had cost the lovely Creole no little thought, care and management. It was a triumph of art and feminine tact,—she was proud of it, and now that her work was crowned with complete success, she found how much her heart had been in it. She had never before suspected herself of possessing so much of that romantic quality denominated *heart*—it never had troubled her till then. It was really unpleasant—she should grow thin and lose her bloom next, and the pale and interesting was not by any means her style.

She read Ellsworth's letter several times, with a half triumphant, half petulant expression on her pretty piquant face. She was almost as much vexed as gratified at her own conquest, and was really reluctant to resign the lover, though she could not bring herself to accept the husband. And the love itself, which had cost her such unusual pains—so much humbling of her haughty spirit, such patient taming of her wild fancies—to resign it just as it was becoming so pleasant to her! She even wept over the cruel necessity,—but she had done as much the winter before, when a careless servant spilled a cup of chocolate over a piece of exquisite embroidery which had employed her dainty thoughts and delicate little fingers for several months.

Scarcely for a moment did she entertain the idea of accepting the proposal of her new lover. She admired his beauty and faultless elegance—and she honored his character more than that of any man she had ever met—she even thought that she had some love for him, as far as she understood that mysterious sentiment;—but the idea of becoming the wife of a clergyman was absolutely insupportable to her. A dull prosy life of church-going—of charitable and parochial visitations—of dinner-giving to Bishops—of long, doleful evenings of serious conversation, without cards, or dancing,—no balls—no plays—no private theatricals—Bah! the picture was excessively *ennuyant*.

While her father lived, M'lle Le Grange was the mistress of but a small fortune—not sufficient to make any material change in the position and circumstances of Mr. Ellsworth—who was confessedly poor—depending entirely on his profession for support. *And then her vow!*

So, when the twenty-four hours had elapsed, she despatched her missive. It was gently worded, but mortally decisive—a dainty, lady-like note—on pale, rose-tinted paper, perfumed with the essence of the flower whose language speaks most hope to the heart of the lover. All was *couleur de rose* without—all humiliation and despair within.

Ellsworth was stunned and stupified at first—then swept over him a strong, bitter torrent of mortification and anger. He crushed the billet in his hand—tore it, and flung it fiercely upon the floor. While giving way to this boyish and undignified fit of passion, he caught a view of his face in the mirror opposite—the very glass whose flattering reflection of his handsome face had but a few days before, so smilingly assured him that *he* could not bow in vain at the shrine of any woman whose heart looked through her eyes. Now, in his sudden humiliation, he could not even face himself, but sullenly turned his back to the mirror, and dropping his head upon his hand, sat hour after hour, *cooling down*, and schooling his proud heart in the hard lesson of his first great disappointment. At length, he rose—carefully collected the fragments of the letter which he had flung upon the floor—and burned them—longing to destroy at the same moment, the remembrance, with the evidence of his folly.

The next morning, he left Newport, for the South.

It was not till the first bitterness of his mortification was past, that Mr. Ellsworth truly realized how deeply and ardently he had loved the beautiful Creole,—how, aside from the flattering unction he had laid to his soul, of complete ascendency over her—how, underneath all his self-complacency and gratulation, had been kindled a strong, eager, unreasoning passion—whose generous glow had touched his cold heart with new fervors, and whose light transfigured life before his languid eyes.

As the wounds of his pride healed, he strove to salve those of his heart, by the thought that perhaps it was well to have had the experience, painful though it had been, and murmured to himself—axioms like this:—

"'Tis better to have loved and lost—
Than never to have loved at all."

So it was that ere many months had passed, he grew to think of the heartless Estelle with more of tender regret than harsh condemnation—though yet manfully resolved to forswear her, and drive her from his heart forever. To this end, he could think of no better course than to set up some nobler divinity in the niche she was unwilling and unworthy to occupy—to kindle a pure living flame over the smouldering embers of his unhappy passion. In short, to seek, and woo another, and a more complying love—shorter and plainer yet—*to take a wife*.

CHAPTER II.

"Your lineage I revere—
Honor your virtue, in your truth believe,
Do homage to your intellect, and bow
Before your peerless beauty."—*Browning.*

"But love is such a mystery,
I cannot find it out;
For when I think I'm best resolved,
Then am I most in doubt."
—*Sir John Suckling.*

In a quaint old Virginian mansion, near the city of R——, in a chamber through whose vine-hung eastern windows struggled the full morning-tide of the light and warmth of a sunny day of the early southern spring, there sat, half buried in a luxurious easy-chair, a young lady, apparently about twenty years of age, earnestly intent on reading a note, which she had just received.

This lady, Miss Elinor Campbell, was not precisely beautiful, in the common acceptation of the word, but she was certainly a very noble-looking woman. She was tall, and rather grandiose in all her proportions, but with a gracefully rounded form—and she moved with a lightness and energy unusual in a southron. She was fair, but her hair was of a dark, lustrous brown; and her large blue eyes were so deeply set and so heavily shaded by dark lashes, as to seem almost black. The predominant expression of her face, and perhaps the ruling element of her character, was *pride*—softened usually toward those whom she loved, by most womanly tenderness, but toward those whom she disliked or despised, most openly and mercilessly manifest. Though in common, gentle and yielding, in look and manner, there was at rare times an expression of marble-like firmness about her mouth, a cold, steel-like gleam of relentless will in her eye, and in her manner a profound calm of passionless dignity, as imposing as it was peculiar.

Our heroine had seen very little of the world—she was singularly unsophisticated, though far from wanting in the best culture and the truest grace. Born to wealth, and belonging to one of those old and highly respectable families which are the proverbial boast of Virginia—she knew that an honorable position awaited her in aristocratic society—and was content with that knowledge. Since her return from school, at the north, she had been satisfied with the hospitable home-life of her father's house, of which by the death of a beloved mother, she had become the mistress. Loving nature intensely, almost devoutly, she had found a poet's pleasure in the mountain scenery surrounding their estate, and with a passion for out-door sports and exercises, she had felt all an Amazon's joy in the fullness of an healthful and active physical life. But, as she grew into womanhood, her calm was troubled with aspirations, and needs which her quiet home-life, happy though it was, could not wholly satisfy. It was not alone that vague, sweet want planted in the child's nature, stirring with uncomprehended yearning the heart of the girl, and feeling its dim way upward toward the light of the dawn of love; but the consciousness of untried mental power, of unused moral energies and sympathies—a generous longing for a life of more beneficent action, and of deepened experiences, both of the world and of the spirit.

It was in this state of mental unrest, and of eager but undirected aspiration, that Elinor accepted the earnest invitation of a newly married friend, and went to spend a winter at R——. Here she first mingled in the society of a gay city. She was amused at first—then charmed—then absorbed. Her brain caught the dizzy whirl of fashionable life; her heart began to beat time to the senseless music of that round of folly—as though its strong womanly pulsations were touched into life, by the hand of the Creator, for no nobler purpose. Then all those true aspirations stood off—mournful and silent, and the angel of great purposes with which her soul had blindly struggled, glided from her relaxed grasp, and passed swiftly away. And then came one, whose calm eye sobered her—whose grave voice stayed her steps in that intoxicating round—whose hand seemed about to swing wide before her the gate of that new *life* about which those aspirations now clustered, eagerly waiting.

But we must not anticipate.

As I said long ago, Elinor sat in her chamber, reading a note. A light, merry little rap-tap, came at the door. She hastily crumpled up the note and thrust it into one of the dainty little pockets of her apron, and then answered in a slightly unsteady voice,

"Come in!"

It was her friend, Mrs. Morris.

"Ah, Fanny, this *is* an honor. The very first time, I think, that you have ever paid me so early a visit; you are such a wonderful little housekeeper, that one seldom catches more than a flying glimpse of you before dinner. Pray, what's on the tapis now?"

"That's just what I came to ask you," replied the pretty young housekeeper, sitting down by her friend, and looking her searchingly in the face—"I have come to confess you, Mistress Nelly, and I am not to be sent away no wiser than I came. So make a clean breast of it at once—for I *will* know."

"Will know *what?*" asked Elinor, coloring slightly, in spite of herself.

"All about you and Mr. Ellsworth," replied Mrs. Morris. "Tell me, does he love you?"

"No—I mean, I don't know. He never has told me that he actually loves me."

"Now, Nelly, this won't do;" pursued the relentless inquisitor—"here has been this reverend gentleman—a proud, fastidious, reserved man, paying you the most devoted attentions for the last two months. At first they were very delicate, and offered shyly—but now, all the world sees them and understands them. Calls in the morning, in the evening—strolls in the garden—*tête-a-tête* in the library—while notes and books come so often, that it is evident that poor little Ethiopian Mercury of his, Tony, finds his office no sinecure. Ah, Nelly, you are a sly puss—but *me* you cannot deceive."

"Nor do I wish to, my dear lynx; but you know that Mr. Ellsworth visited here quite frequently before I came; you know also, that those notes have always accompanied books, and that the books have always been of the most serious and unromantic kind. Even those which Mr. Ellsworth has read to me in the library, have usually been moral essays, or theological disquisitions."

"Oh, yes, I know; I found him reading *Childe Harold* to you, the other morning. I have never yet counted Byron among serious writers; I should not say that theology was exactly in his line."

Elinor bit her lip, half in merriment, half in vexation, as she answered,

"I assure you he was only reading those glorious stanzas descriptive of a thunder-storm in the Alps—which, on my word, were suggested by a passage in Isaiah."

"Well, never mind that. What innocent theological work did he send this morning, by the fleet-footed Tony—'*Edwards on the Affections?*'"

"What nonsense!" said Elinor, laughing; "he did not send any book; he sent a little bouquet, this morning."

"Aha! we are on the *scent* now. Pray, where is the bouquet? Ah, I see it—smothered down under your handkerchief. Fie upon you, to treat the sweetest and delicatest of Love's offerings so lightly! Give it me, and let me place it in your vase. Quite orientally arranged, I declare. Impatient little Rose-buds, with their red lips pouting to reveal the love-secret glowing in their hearts—tender Violets and Mignonette, and tell-tale Forget-me-not—Elinor, this man certainly loves you."

"I think so," said Elinor, in a low tone, blushing deeply.

"Well, now, that is frankly spoken; but it is not enough—I must know more—all. Do you love him?"

"I—do—not—know," said Elinor, very slowly, with an expression of painful perplexity shadowing her fine face. "I only know," she continued, "that he exercises a strange new power over me. He is the most intellectual man I have ever known, and I believe him to possess, under all his languid calm, and proud reserve of manner, a good deal of latent enthusiasm and generous passion. I believe him to be entirely pure and honorable, and, in spite of a little tinge of worldliness, faithful to his high calling. I admire him—have faith in him—my only distrust *is of myself*."

"How so, do you doubt your own worthiness?" asked Mrs. Harris.

"*No*," said Elinor, very decidedly, with a slight curl of the lip—"I am not so humble as that; a proof it may be, that I do not love, for they say that such pride never goes hand in hand with genuine love. No—what troubles me is this: When Mr. Ellsworth is present, I am charmed, absorbed, and content, though conscious of a kind of thraldom. But when he is absent, he is so *utterly* absent, that I cannot comprehend his power over me—I rebel against it, and have back the old sense of freedom. I seem to but vaguely realize his existence, and then as having no vital relations with my own. I think the quiet elegance of his manner—the melody of his voice, and the mere beauty of his person affect me more powerfully than they should."

"Yes, he *is* handsome," replied Mrs. Morris, musingly, "undeniably, very handsome; but that is neither here nor there. Of what account is beauty in a husband?"

Elinor smiled a little archly at this, for Frank Morris, Fanny's *caro sposo*, though universally pronounced "*one* of the best fellows in the world," was by no means distinguished for his outward personal attractions.

"But, tell me," continued Fanny, after a pause—"tell me truly, are you quite sure that you do not love another than Mr. Ellsworth?"

"Why, yes;" answered Elinor, quickly, but blushing to her temples—"how could I? Before coming to R——, I knew very few men out of our immediate neighborhood and circle of relatives—mostly father's and brother Fred's companions, a careless, jovial, hospitable set—given to fox-hunting and high-living—large-hearted and free-handed, yet would I rather run the risk of leading immortal apes in the place you wot of, than choose a husband from among them."

"But what of the young elected cousin you used to tell me about, in our school-days?—the youth to whom you were so romantically affianced, in your childhood?" asked Mrs. Morris.

"Oh, you mean Malcolm Bruce," replied Elinor, striving to steady her voice, which trembled in spite of her—"It is all over between us, if there ever was anything more than childish folly;—over and forgotten. I will tell you all about it, Fanny, if you will not look at me so searchingly. I *did* like Malcolm Bruce very much—indeed, I loved him dearly, when I was a little girl; especially after our fond, novel-reading mammas betrothed us. Then, when my own dear mother died, and soon after, Malcolm's, I think we both grew to regard that half playful engagement as something solemn and sacred, for their sakes. I continued to love Malcolm better than any body in the world, except *perhaps* papa, brother Fred, and my little sister, Julia, till the time when I left school and he returned from college.

"Then you know I was a woman of full eighteen, and felt that a vast distance lay between me and my old self—and the old times. As soon as I met Malcolm, I felt that he presumed too much on our old betrothal. I was not to be won without a wooing; so I received his familiar and matter-of-course tenderness, and his rather premature petting with pride and growing coldness, for I was really very much vexed, and I finally quarrelled with him out and out, because he would insist on calling me his 'wife.' I don't remember just how this was made up, but after awhile, we were reconciled, and went on for some months very well, and then—quarrelled again—though I must confess that I both opened and closed the battle, as he quickly left the field. So matters went on—abrupt break-offs, and slow reconciliations—pride, jealousy, misunderstandings and change,—nothing, nothing like the old peaceful, careless, merry times. I fear I grew very petulant and passionate, and perhaps poor Malcolm was afraid to woo me in earnest. Certain it is that he never spoke to me of love, or marriage, except in that old familiar, half-playful, half confident tone which always vexed me beyond endurance.

"Last Spring, it was rumored that Malcolm was about to go abroad for two or three years, to travel and complete his medical studies, for he was to be a physician. I could not believe it. *I* was sure he would have told me of his intention *first*, and I was only less astonished than grieved and offended, when I heard him calmly announce before a whole dinner-party, that the time of his departure was fixed—he was to sail by the next steamer for Havre—which left him but two days longer at home, and in our neighborhood. I was indignant at this want of kindly frankness, and while all around were expressing surprise and regret, I said carelessly,

"'Ah, indeed!—then Friday will be doubly unlucky for us, as we shall lose both an old friend, and a very welcome guest—for Mr. Robinson returns to R—— on that day.'

"I referred in this remark to a class-mate of brother Fred's, a rattle-headed, rollicking, coxcombical fellow—Tom Robinson, everybody's Tom, and everybody's butt. I cared nothing for him, and I know that he was thoroughly detested by Malcolm. *He* felt the cut keenly, and I acknowledge it was the most heartless thing I ever did. But I felt myself slighted and wronged, and all that evening I kept aloof from him, for fear that the memory of old days, and something in his voice harder to bear, might break down my pride. I was gay, oh, very gay! I sang, because my voice seemed to lift the strange weight a moment from my heart; I danced, because the music and motion distracted my vexed and wounded spirit.

"After the evening was past—just as I had finished 'the last song,' for the pertinacious Robinson, who vowed, and perhaps truly, that I had never sung so well—Malcolm came up to take leave of me.

"'Good-night,' I said, quietly; 'we shall, of course, see you again before you sail.'

"'Yes—no, upon second thought I fear not,' he replied—'I have very little time—many friends to take leave of, and countless last things to attend to.'

"'Then,' said I, by a strong effort, crushing my heart down—'I must say *adieu*, and *bon voyage*.'

"I extended my hand—it was warmly grasped—I heard a low 'God bless you'—and I stood alone—for Mr. Robinson, with wonderful consideration for him, had moved away, when Malcolm came up. I was disappointed, bewildered, and utterly unsatisfied by this parting; but I felt almost sure that I should see him again. I had put on but one glove, since playing, and when, as soon as my stupefaction went off, I looked for the other on the piano, where I had laid it—it was gone. I have always believed that Malcolm took that glove."

"May-be it was Tom Robinson," put in the provoking and matter-of-fact Fanny.

"Well," continued Elinor, "I saw no more of the play-husband of my childhood—though for the two next days I watched and waited from morning till midnight—and was even foolish enough to feel that I would unsay every hard thing I had ever uttered, if he would only come back to say 'Good-bye' in a kind and Christian way. But he never came, though he had time to join a shooting party, which passed our very door—the cold-hearted, ungenerous fellow! No doubt it was his conscience that troubled him, and would not let him sleep that last night, for his sister said, that he did not go to bed at all, but walked his chamber hour after hour, and only took a little doze in his easy-chair toward morning. Neither did I sleep. I shed my last tears for him that night."

"Elinor Campbell," said Mrs. Morris, in as solemn a tone as that merry little woman could possibly make use of, "I am really afraid that you love that Malcolm Bruce in your secret heart."

"Oh, don't say that *now* if you love me!—never say it again!" exclaimed Elinor, in a tone earnest to sternness—rising and walking hurriedly up and down the room. "It was ungenerous and unkind in him in the first place, to treat me so like a child—a plaything that belonged to him of right,—and then, when I proved myself a proud, sensitive woman, to oppose my mere coldness of manner, a thin, transparent ice, which a few words of loving deference would at once have melted into warm tears, with a pride of manhood, hard and cold as adamant. No, Fanny, the day he went away without one word more of affectionate, of even friendly farewell, I thrust him resolutely from my heart. I have kept him out ever since, and with God's help, I will keep him out forever!"

"*Bravissima!* that is the true spirit. But suppose we return to your present, *real* lover," said Mrs. Morris.

A shadow passed over Elinor's face—but she answered very quietly—"Well, if Mr. Ellsworth asks me to become his wife, I shall probably consent—not, Heaven forbid! to escape from the unhappy 'old love,' for *love* that bit of romance should surely not be called—but a childish dream, that has dissolved in the light of womanly reason. No—I shall marry Mr. Ellsworth because I honor and can love him, and because I have been long yearning intensely for a wider field of action—a nobler heart-life, and thought-life than I have ever yet known. Now that sister Julia is old enough to take my place at home, I feel that I can do more good elsewhere, and I think that I long more to *do good* than to be happy. With the fortune which I possess, I think that I could aid Mr. Ellsworth very greatly, and with my ready heart and active energies, I am sure that I should be no clog upon him in any way. With God's blessing, I think we might be very happy ourselves, and make others happy."

As Elinor concluded this sentence, she stood beside her friend, with her hand resting lightly on the back of the chair in which she sat. A beautiful glow of earnest feeling deepened in her cheek, and the light of a pure, unselfish pleasure gave an intense brightness to her eyes.

Just then there came a knock at the door, and to Mrs. Morris, who opened it, a servant gave a message from Mr. Ellsworth for Miss Campbell. He awaited her in the library. An instant change came over Elinor;—she turned pale, and grasped tightly the back of the chair by which she stood.

"Fanny, dear, go down with me!" she exclaimed, "I think from the note I received this morning, that this will be a decisive visit—and—and I fear I am not quite ready for it. So come down with me and we will take it as an ordinary call. Come, dear!"

"Dear me no dears," replied Fanny, "for I shall do no such thing, but stay where I am, and you must meet the shock of doom alone. But *do* brighten up a little. Just loop back those curls—don't let them droop in such a forlorn, weeping-willowy way. *Now don't* put on that resigned expression! Why you look like Mary Queen of Scots on her way to execution—though she went to lose her head, while you go to gain a heart and a hand. There—that is a little better—now go! I do hope it is for the best, but certainly this was not the way with me when I went down into that very library to receive my Frank's declaration. To be sure, I had got used to expecting it. I really began to think it never would come, and as it was, I had to help it along."

Elinor laughed, and with a brightened face and calm step descended the stairs. She put her hand on the library-door and partly turned the handle—then paused and looked round as though contemplating a retreat. But Fanny, leaning over the balustrade of the stairway, shook her head reprovingly. Then the door before her was opened from within, and Mr. Ellsworth took her hand, drew her gently forward, closed the door, and shut out all the world.

Somewhat more than an hour after this, Mrs. Morris heard Mr. Ellsworth come out of the library and leave the house—walking, she fancied, with a lighter and prouder step than usual. She restrained her womanly curiosity for a few minutes longer, then softly entered, and found Elinor sitting apparently just as her lover had left her, in the embrasure of a deeply curtained window. Her head was drooped, and her eyes slightly suffused with tears were fixed on a ring of gold, simply set with pearls—the ring of betrothal, which she was turning and turning round her finger, in a dreamy, abstracted way. Fanny sat down beside her, put her arms about her waist, kissed her cheek, and whispered—

"God bless you, dear!"

"Thank you," said Elinor softly, and then became silent as before. After a while, she spoke—still very softly, but in a fervent, assured tone—"He loves me, Fanny—nobly and very dearly, I think—*solely*, I am sure—for though I have not questioned him, I know him to be too honorable and true to woo me, if his heart held any dearer or deeper love; and he says that I can do much for him—be all the world to him. His is not the love I used to dream of, over poetry and romances,—it is calmer, more assured, less impassioned and demonstrative; but I believe it to be very pure and constant, and I see that it may open for me a useful and so a *beautiful* life, if God will only help me to be strong and good."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Original Novelet.

MIRIAM, THE AVENGER;

OR,

THE FATAL VOW.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,
AUTHOR OF "THE LOST HEIRESS," "VIRGINIA AND MAGDALENE," "SHANNONDALE,"
"THE CURSE OF CLIFTON,"
"THE DESERTED WIFE,"
ETC., ETC., ETC.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXXV.

MARIAN.

Will the maiden wake again?
—Her dewy eyes are closed,
And on their lids the texture fine
Scarce shades the dark blue orbs beneath,
And her pale tresses hide
The bosom's stainless pride.
—Yes! she will wake again,
Although her glowing limbs are motionless,
And silent those sweet lips,
Once breathing eloquence. *Shelley.*

When Marian awoke from the trance-like swoon that had caused the supposition of her death, deep clouds were around, above, beneath, *within* her.

With no power of recollection, with no power of understanding, scarcely conscious of her own identity, scarcely conscious of her existence, she lay helpless as a new-born infant.

Shadows were about her everywhere—shadows on the outward scene—shadows on her mind, and shadows on her heart—yes! heavier than all—upon her *heart*—the impression of some dread loss and sorrow, deep and immutable as the grave, lay burdening her bosom—what was it? she could not tell—nay, she could not even inquire of her memory—so feeble, so uncertain was her vital action.

A square of dim light, or rather of thinner darkness was over her feet. She did not know or even wonder what it was she *saw*; a monotonous low surging sounded on her ear—she did not know or speculate what it was she *heard*; a gentle rocking motion soothed and lulled her—she did not know, or care to find out what it was she *felt*. Nay, she did not know or seek to know *herself*. Gradually, very gradually came the faculty of thought and recollection; first she dimly remembered the last hour in night and storm upon the beach, when, as she drew the steel from her bosom, the scene had swam around her and disappeared, carrying all consciousness of life away with it.

And now this awakening? Was it in the spiritual or in the material world? if in the latter—were these shadows the shadows of a vault around her? She could not tell! But no! there was the square of dim light over her feet, and it was divided off into oblong divisions—it was a window, an elevated window, and the only view it afforded was that of a cloudy night sky. Where was she?

The monotonous rocking and humming continued—it soothed her senses as the nurse's cradle-hymn soothes the infant—and too wearied to feel or think, Marian closed her eyes in slumber, and lost all consciousness until she awoke again.

She woke with a rather clearer recollection of what had occurred before her fall upon the beach, yet with no certain knowledge of what had happened *since*.

It was lighter around her now—the square of light beyond her feet, showed the ruddy glow of the eastern horizon, and below, the opening stairs were dimly to be seen. She turned her eyes around—there were berths each side of the place—there was a bureau and a wash-stand, yet they reeled and rocked as she did.

A very slight noise attracted her attention—she turned her eyes in the direction whence it came, to the right hand corner of her bed's head, and there she vaguely perceived a lady, who stood at a little stand and seemed engaged in pouring something from a vial into a cup. While she watched this lady, the latter turned around, and gently raising the patient's head, put the cup to her lips. Marian drank as a babe might have drank, and then sank back upon the pillow and relapsed into sleep.

And life was blotted out for several hours.

Once more she awoke—it was now high noon. She knew where she was, now; in the neat, well-ordered cabin of a vessel; the square of light beyond her feet was the window in the door at the head of the gang-way; she saw through it a portion of the deck and the ropes, and the sea ahead, and the sky beyond. Yes, she was on shipboard; but how did she happen to be there? She strove to recall the past—and then again came memory much clearer and fuller than before, and wrung a deep shuddering groan from her heart; and then a sharp, lacerating pang struck through all her chest, and caught away her breath; she closed her eyes, but at the same time felt a gentle arm slip under her shoulders and raise her up, and a cup placed to her lips. It must have contained some elixir at once anodyne, sedative and nourishing, for as soon as she had swallowed it, indifference and repose came to mind and body. While she lay in that state, another person entered the cabin, and inquired,

"How is your patient, dear Rachel?"

"Her wound troubles her, I think," answered the sweetest voice Marian had ever heard.

"What are you doing there?"

"I'm preparing a soothing application for it; and now, as I am about to dress it, you will please to retire, dear."

"I miss you very much; is it necessary that you should be in this constant attendance by this poor lady?"

"Yes, for the present; but after I have dressed this wound, you may return and share my watch, if you like."

Soon after this, Marian felt a pair of soft hands uncovering her bosom. She opened her eyes, and saw bending over her, the sweetest face she had ever seen—fair, pale, with gentle, dark grey eyes, and smoothly braided dark-brown hair. Marian strove to speak, but the effort started that acute pain that held her very breath suspended.

"You must not try to speak, dear—do not even try to think; you must consent to be as much like a dormouse as possible," said the gentle lady, while her soft, soothing fingers removed the linen bandages, and bathed and dressed the wound.

Marian's eyes gazed pleadingly in her face.

"You are with friends, dear, who will attend you faithfully until you can be restored to your family. In a day or two you will be able to direct our inquiries. And that you may the sooner be in a condition to do so, you must now be still and patient," said the lady.

Still that eager questioning gaze! Marian would have given the world for the power to ask one question—"Where is Thurston?" But she could not; nay, the fear of committing him, would have held her silent. Her own life assured, she thought only of him, of his safety, his liberty, and his honor.

Strange, clinging, deathless affection; immortal love that all the power of evil cannot kill; divine love that hate, and scorn, and treachery, and cruelty, can never move to anger or revenge—can only move to sorrow and compassion, and renewed hope and effort. It may not be a merit—perhaps nothing so involuntary can be a merit. Yet neither is it a weakness or a reproach—no, by its strength to suffer, to labor, to hope, and to redeem—by the sacrifice on Calvary, by all that is best and strongest on earth, and in Heaven, it is not a weakness or a reproach! The soul gifted with such power of pure loving, is the medium of the Lord; it is the Father of Love who loveth through it.

In Marian's heart the thought of Thurston caused the profoundest grief and pity, and while she lay there speechless, motionless, outwardly calm, her inner life was disturbed by conflicts and struggles to which her nature had hitherto been a stranger.

Heart and head—reason and affection were at war with each other. The heart refused to associate the idea of Thurston with the treachery and violence by which she had suffered.

"It is impossible, utterly impossible that he could have sunk to such a depth of crime—I do not and cannot believe it," pleaded the heart.

"Unhappily, it is not a matter of belief, but of experience. You know that he was guilty of that crime; your own *senses* were your witnesses," said the head.

"Ah, but there are some cases in which we doubt the evidence of our senses, and this is one. He did not do it."

"Why should you doubt?"

"Oh, his looks, his manner, his tone, his expression, all I know of him contradicts the possibility of his doing such a thing."

"Yes, but poor, weak heart, see here! did you never yet hear of a fair face and a foul soul? Are hypocrisy, avarice and cruelty new things under the sun? Can you take up a paper without seeing a crime recorded? And are you astonished or doubtful then? Poor heart! crime is surprising only when it appears in our own sphere. Besides, consider this young man's whole conduct towards you—how full of selfishness, falsehood and injustice. Did he not waylay your path, meeting you whenever he could, following you, walking with you, regardless of the detriment to your good name? Did he not use every art to beguile you into a secret marriage. Did he not finally effect that purpose by appealing to your affection in that sad parting hour, promising that if you would consent to have the ceremony performed, it should be merely a more binding sort of betrothal, until he was prepared to acknowledge the marriage? Did he keep that promise? Did he not use every argument, persuasion and threat to induce you to forego fair fame, friends, peace, all in his favor? Upon your steady refusal, did he not wring your heart by his long estrangement? Was not the whole of his conduct, from the beginning to *this* point, premeditated? Was it not treacherous? Answer!"

"Oh! no, no, I never believed it so. His conduct sprung from impulse, not premeditation."

"Undeceive yourself, poor heart, at least attend while I proceed: after having failed in his cunningly devised plan to get you off to France, what happened? Why, he gave you up, and transferred all his attentions to another—a pretty young heiress, in every way very acceptable to his friends."

"It was only done to pique me. It was only a ruse of love!"

"Ah, shrinking heart! Ah, shrinking, cowardly heart! summon all your courage to look on the face of truth! When you interfered, did he not threaten? When you spoke of divulging your marriage, did he not taunt you with your inability to prove it?"

"Oh, but that was only to try my faith and temper!"

"Ah, faint heart! faint, trembling heart! nerve yourself to bear the shock of hard facts. His engagement to Miss Le Roy was generally reported—he never contradicted it. And when he found you resolved to inform Angelica of your marriage, his whole conduct changed—he displayed a conciliatory temper—he pleaded with you to give him a meeting on the beach—a prayer which you, oh, fool and blind, acceded to. And what followed? A meeting—a little human hesitation, and then—"

"Ah, let me not remember it! I cannot realize or believe in it."

"And yet you *know* it! You know the hand that dealt the blow; you recognized the very instrument with which it was given! the xyphias dagger. Besides, who had an interest in your decease, unless *he* had? You had not an enemy in the world. *He* appointed that rendezvous—you kept it—and met, from his hand, what had nearly been your death. Do you still doubt?"

"Yes, yes, yes—in the face of all that, I doubt."

And so worked up into fever by the conflict of faith with testimony, and love with reason, and suffering beneath all, an under-current of great sorrow, Marian rolled and tossed upon her bed of mental and physical anguish. Not only once or twice, but over and over again, was this internal controversy held. And all these conflicts retarded her convalescence.

Day followed day, and her strength was not augmented, nor her power of speech recovered. With matchless charity and patience, the lady called "Rachel" attended her bedside. But no explanation passed between them. Thus several days passed—how many, Marian did not know; when one noon she was awakened from her sleep by the sudden cessation of that rolling motion that had soothed her senses so long a time, and opening her eyes, she saw the gangway glimpses of a thicket of masts, and farther on a crowded pier—and she knew the vessel had anchored in some harbor. While her mournful eyes were fixed in sad inquiry upon the scene, Rachel came with pencil and paper in her hand, and sat down by the bedside, and said, quietly,

"We are in New York harbor, dear. This vessel sails for Liverpool in a day or two. My husband and myself go with it; but we will first see you in a place of safety, well attended and provided for, until your friends can reach you. And now, dear, tell me to whom I shall write; here, take this pencil and paper, and set down the name and place of residence."

Marian took the writing materials—paused—closed her eyes, and seemed to be engaged in thought or in prayer, then she scrawled a few words on the paper, and then her hand dropped exhausted.

Rachel took up the scrap, and with some difficulty, deciphered the following words, which she read aloud, to receive further confirmation from the writer:—

"Take me to Liverpool—I have friends and money there—it is my native place."

"Is that what you mean, dear?"

Marian bowed her head. And Rachel took the scrap of paper, and left the cabin. Soon she returned with her husband, who, coming to the bedside, asked,

"You really wish to go to Liverpool, young lady?"

Marian bowed her head.

"You say that you have friends there."

Marian bowed again, and made signs for the pencil and paper—and when they were given her, she managed to scrawl two words,

"*My letters!*"

"Oh, you want the letters that were found with you—here they are," said the lady, as soon as she had read the scrap; going to a beaufet and bringing out the packet.

Marian signed that she should give them to her husband, and that he should read them. The reading occupied perhaps fifteen minutes, and when it was over, he said,

"You shall go to Liverpool with us, young lady; and we will serve you to the best of our ability, until we resign you into the care of your friends."

Marian faintly bowed her thanks.

"And now, Reuben, we must let her rest, or her fever will rise," said Rachel.

The gentleman retired, and the gentle lady administered a cooling sedative to her patient, and sat down by the bed and bathed her head until she fell asleep.

The next morning after breakfast, when Rachel took her place as usual by the side of the invalid, Marian made signs for pencil and paper, and when they were put in her hands, she wrote,

"Please tell me how I came on board of this vessel."

"I fear the subject will excite you too much," said Rachel, when she had read the words.

"Not so much to *hear* as to keep *wondering* about it," wrote Marian the second time.

"In that case I will tell you. It is not much to tell, dear. On the evening of Holy Thursday, about the time the storm arose, our vessel lay to opposite a place on St. Mary's coast, called Pine Bluff, and the mate put off in a boat to land a passenger; as they neared the shore they met *another* boat rowed by two men, who seemed so anxious to escape observation, as to row away as fast as they could without answering *our* boat's salute. Our mate thought very strange of it at the time; but the mysterious boat was swiftly hid in the darkness, and our boat reached the land. The mate and his man had to help to carry the passenger's trunks up to the top of the bluff, and a short distance beyond, where a carriage was kept waiting for him, and after they had parted from him, they returned down the bluff by a shorter though steeper way; and just as they reached the beach, in the momentary lull of the storm, they heard groans. Immediately the men connected those sounds with the strange boat they had seen row away, and they raised the wick in the lantern, and threw its light around, and soon discovered you upon the sands, moaning, though nearly insensible. They naturally concluded that you had been the victim of the men in the boat, who were probably pirates. Their first impulse was to pursue the carriage, and get you placed within it, and taken to some farm-house for assistance; but a moment's reflection convinced them that such a plan was futile, as it was impossible to overtake the carriage. There was also no house near the coast. They thought it likely that you were a stranger to that part of the country. And in the hurry and agitation of the moment, they could devise nothing better than to put you in the boat, and bring you on board this vessel. That is the way you came here," concluded the gentle woman, refraining from expressing any curiosity, or asking any question, lest it might disturb her patient.

The grateful gaze of Marian thanked her, as she held out her hand for the pencil, and wrote,

"Tell me the name of my angel nurse."

"Rachel Holmes," answered the lady, blushing gently. "My husband is a surgeon in the United States Army. He is on leave of absence now for the purpose of taking me home to see my father and mother—they live in London. I am of English parentage."

Marian feebly pressed her hand, and then irregularly traced these words,

"You are very good to ask me no questions, and I thank you with all my heart; for, dear lady, I can tell you nothing," and having written them, her hand dropped powerless upon the bed—for she was entirely exhausted by this short conference.

The next day the vessel sailed with the first tide for Liverpool.

Marian slowly improved. Her purposes were not very clear or strong yet—mental and physical suffering and exhaustion had temporarily weakened and obscured her mind. Her one strong impulse was to escape, to get away from the scene of such painful associations and memories, and to go home, to take refuge in her own native land. The thought of returning to Maryland, to meet the astonishment, the wonder, the conjectures, the inquiries, and perhaps the legal investigation that might lead to the exposure and punishment of Thurston, was insupportable to her heart. No, no! rather let the width of the ocean divide her from all those horrors. Undoubtedly her friends believed her dead—let it be so—let her remain as dead to them. She should leave no kindred behind her, to suffer by her loss—should wrong no human being. True, there were Miriam and Edith! But that her heart was exhausted by its one great, all-consuming grief, it must have bled for them! Yet they had already suffered all they could possibly suffer from the supposition of her death—it was now three weeks since they had reason to believe her dead, and doubtless kind Nature had already nursed them into resignation and calmness, that would in time become cheerfulness. If she should go back, there would be the shock, the amazement, the questions, the prosecutions, perhaps the conviction, and the sentence, and the horrors of a state prison for one, the least hair of whose head she could not willingly hurt; and then her own early death, or should she survive, her blighted life. Could these consequences console or benefit Edith or Miriam? No, no, they would augment grief. It was better to leave things as they were—better to remain dead to them—a *dead* sorrow might be forgotten—a *living* one never! For herself, it was better to take fate as she found it—to go home to England, and devote her newly restored life, and her newly acquired fortune to those benevolent objects that had so lately occupied so large a share of her heart. Some means also should be found—when she should grow stronger, and her poor head should be clearer, so that she should be able to think—to make Edith and Miriam the recipients of all the benefit her wealth could possibly confer upon them. And so in resolving, meditating, planning, and trying to reason correctly, and to understand her embarrassed position, and her difficult duty, passed the days of her convalescence. As her mind cleared, the thought of Angelica began to give her uneasiness—she could not bear to think of leaving that young lady exposed to the misfortune of becoming Thurston's wife—and her mind toiled with the difficult problem of how to shield Angelica without exposing Thurston. And the thought of *herself* bound to him by a nominal marriage, troubled her exceedingly, for tenderly as she still cared for Thurston, the idea of meeting him again anywhere, in any manner, or under any circumstances, was fraught with too much pain! It sometimes occurs that a fact of which we were in previous ignorance, is unexpectedly presented to us at the very time we most need to become acquainted with it. Thus it happened to Marian. One day Doctor Holmes and his wife were sitting conversing beside her bed. They were speaking of persons and events unknown to Marian, who, preoccupied with her own sad thoughts, paid no attention to the subject of their discourse, until these applicable and momentous words from Doctor Holmes struck her ear and roused her attention.—"But the marriage was never completed, and a marriage never completed is never legally binding upon the parties." Was this so? in this case then was she free? Had Thurston no legal claim upon her? He certainly had no other—their marriage had indeed been nothing but a formal ceremony, never completed—never acknowledged. Was she still Marian Mayfield really as well as nominally?

Though Doctor Holmes and his wife were speaking of persons and events foreign to Marian's knowledge, yet they spoke with the fullest freedom in her hearing—therefore she gave her attention. It was a case in which a large property had been involved, and during the discussion, Marian was satisfactorily assured upon this debatable point.

A few days after this, when Marian had recovered the power of speech, she related to her kind friends all of her personal history that she could impart, without compromising the safety of others; and she required and received from them the promise of their future silence in regard to her fate.

As they approached the shores of England, Marian improved so fast as to be able to go on deck. And though extremely pale and thin, she could no longer be considered an invalid, when, on the thirtieth day out, their ship entered the mouth of the Mersey. Upon their arrival at Liverpool, it had been the intention of Doctor Holmes and his wife to proceed to London; but now they decided to delay a few hours until they should see Marian safe in the house of her friends. The Reverend Theodore Burney was a retired dissenting clergyman, living on his modest patrimony in a country house a few miles out of Liverpool, and now at eighty years enjoying a hale old age. Doctor Holmes took a chaise and carried Marian and Rachel out to the place. The house was nearly overgrown with climbing vines, and the grounds were beautiful with the early spring verdure and flowers. The old man was overjoyed to meet Marian, and he received her with a father's welcome. He thanked her friends for their care and attention, and pressed them to come and stay several days, or weeks. But Doctor Holmes and Rachel simply explained that their visit was to their parents in London, which city they were very anxious to reach as soon as possible, and, thanking their host, they took leave of him, of his old wife, and Marian, and departed.

The old minister looked hard at Marian.

"You are pale, my dear. Well, I always heard that our fresh island roses withered in the dry heat of the American climate, and now I know it! But come! we shall soon see a change and what wonders native air and native manners and morning walks will work in the way of restoring bloom."

Marian did not feel bound to reply, and her ill health remained charged to the account of our unlucky atmosphere.

The next morning, the old gentleman took Marian into his library, told her once more how very little surprised, and how very glad he was that, instead of writing, she had come in person. He then made her acquainted with certain documents, and informed her that it would be necessary she should go up to London, and advised her to do so just as soon as she should feel herself sufficiently rested. Marian declared herself to be already recovered of fatigue, and anxious to proceed with the business of settlement. Their journey was thereupon fixed for the second day from that time. And upon the appointed morning, Marian, attended by the old clergyman, set out for the mammoth Capital, where, in due season, they arrived. A few days were busily occupied amid the lumber of law documents, before Marian felt sufficiently at ease to advise her friends, the Holmeses, of her presence in town. Only a few hours had elapsed, after reading her note and address, before she received a call from Mrs. Holmes and her father, Doctor Coleman, a clergyman of high standing in the Church of England. Friendliness and a beautiful simplicity characterized the manners of both father and daughter. Rachel entreated Marian to return with her and make her father's house her home while in London. She spoke with an affectionate sincerity that Marian could neither doubt nor resist, and when Dr. Coleman cordially seconded his daughter's invitation, Marian gratefully accepted the proffered hospitality. And the same day Mr. Burney bade a temporary farewell to his favorite, and departed for Liverpool, and Marian accompanied her friend Rachel Holmes to the house of Dr. Coleman.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

NEW LIFE.

Live! for some high and holy work of love,
And thou an angel's happiness shalt know,
Shall bless the earth, while in the world above
The good begun by thee shall onward go
In many a branching stream, and ever, wider flow.
Carlos Wilcox.

Marian had many worthy reasons for wishing to cultivate the acquaintance and friendship of Dr. Coleman. The first of which was that she desired to consult him upon the subject of her beneficent purposes, and to have the aid of his greater experience and wisdom to guide her in the application of means to ends. When one morning in his library, Marian presented the subject to the doctor, that reverend gentleman was greatly surprised that a lady so young and beautiful, one without the least bit of fanaticism whatever, should simply resolve to devote her life and wealth to the unfortunate. He could scarcely forbear from expressing his amazement, and he could not refrain from expostulation. But Marian gravely and gently waived his objections aside, saying,

"Circumstances against which I have no longer the slightest inclination to contend, have cut me off from intimate family relations with others, and have at the same time placed at my disposal a large fortune. I regard these events, perhaps I should say these coincidences, as providential. They interpret to me all my earliest yearnings and aspirations, and point out their destination. From earliest infancy I have felt the profoundest sympathy with destitute children; yes, even from the age of three years, when I first noticed the difference between my own cherished and sheltered lot, and the neglected and exposed condition of the little beggar in the street, and wondered why such contrasts should exist, my heart, from its [illegible] to the [illegible] looks or cares of the [illegible]. As I grew older, and began to observe, and to reflect upon the many [illegible] philanthropic [illegible] in the world, and see how one would [illegible] at converting the heathen [illegible], another at reforming criminals, a third at abolishing capital punishment, a fourth at reforming prisons, a fifth at exterminating war, and so on forever, [illegible] when I perceived in all these enterprises, good as they undoubtedly are, how miserably inadequate to the cost is the return, I could but think of the nearer, and more promising field of benevolence that lay immediately around us, of the little, neglected children of the poor, the ignorant, and the vicious: the little children perishing around our very door-sills, or worse than perishing, growing up to finally become as miserable as their wretched parents. And then it seemed to me that the relief and education of destitute children was a nearer, more urgent, and more hopeful duty, and one that, for labor and capital expended upon it, would yield a greater return in good than any other scheme of beneficence whatever. And I wondered how philanthropists, with necessarily limited means, should devote time and money to the civilizing of savages, and the reforming of criminals, while hundreds of innocent children around them were perishing from want, or growing up in ignorance or vice. Prevention is so much better than cure, that it seems to me bad economy, to spend upon the doubtful event of civilizing a savage, or reforming a burglar, the means that might be devoted to educating and preserving the innocence of a child."

"And yet," said the pastor, mildly, "criminals are also to be pitied, and if possible saved. *They* were once innocent children—they are very often the victims of circumstances, rather than subjects of wilful depravity—and should have some share in the compassion of your heart."

"And they *have*," said Marian gravely; "but while my power is limited, and while one little child within my reach remains unfed, unclothed, untaught, I can give the criminal *only* compassion. Shall I 'take the *children's* bread and cast it to the dogs?'"

"That is a severe application of the text to come from a woman's gentle lips."

"I know it is severe, but it is just and appropriate. Children have the greatest claim upon us while they have need, and we have power. Let me proceed with telling you my reasons for thinking so. Christ left them a perpetual legacy to us—'Whoso shall receive one such little child in My name receiveth Me.' Could there be a stronger or more affecting recommendation of the children to our mercy? Destitute children, by their innocence, their helplessness, their suffering, and *the bright or dark possibilities latent in their undeveloped natures, and in their unknown futures*, appeal equally to our sympathy and our policy. Again, children are not as adults are, accountable for their own destitution. They have not, as adults have, a great deal to unlearn. Their minds and hearts are like fair pages, unwritten with the annals of crime, but ready to receive the impression of good principles. Or they are like the rich, open prairie lands of America—no cutting down, rooting up, and clearing to be done—they are all ready for cultivation, and will richly repay the cultivator."

"My dear girl, have you never heard of 'juvenile depravity?'"

"There is no such thing as 'juvenile'—let me separate such words by at least a dozen others—'depravity.' Such a phrase sounds to me false, cruel, and so unmeaning, or would do so, were it not so contradictory as to be nonsensical. *Children* are never depraved. A child's *habits*, received from his only guides, vicious associates, may be bad enough, but they are bad habits just as his poor little dirty jacket, and his poor little ragged trowsers are bad habits—they are not a part of him, they did not grow out of him, they are external to him, *they were put upon him*; he does not know where to get any better. Only provide him with clean clothes, and show him clean behaviour, and see if he does not prefer them. But to resume the thread of my argument—Lastly, the good commenced in the intellectual and religious culture of children must go on forever, must produce and reproduce good fruits eternally. I do not wish to say one word against other forms of benevolence—they are all good—only this is *best*. It is well, if possible, to reform a criminal, but there, most likely, the good ends. But if you educate a child, you may benefit in after times his children, and his children's children, down countless generations. There is no calculating the good that may flow on forever from one well developed human soul. This view addresses itself to our judicious economy in the application of means to ends, and to secure the greatest return of good from limited power of labor and money. Very early in life I felt this. In my first youth the Lord entrusted me with but one talent—*leisure*—and I invested it in the teaching of poor children—and it paid a large interest—more than cent. per cent., I assure you, and the interest is still going on, and must forever go on, at compound rate. *Now* the Lord has lent me *two* talents—time and money—and I wish to invest them in the same profitable enterprise."

But we may not pause to trace minutely those labors of love in which Marian sought at once to forget her own existence and to bless that of others.

A few events only it will be necessary to record.

In the very first packet of Baltimore papers received by Dr. Holmes, Marian saw announced the marriage of Angelica Le Roy, to Henry Barnwell. She knew by the date, that it took place within two weeks after she sailed from the shores of America. And her anxiety on that young lady's account was set at rest.

After a visit of two months, Dr. Holmes and his lovely wife prepared to return to the United States. And the little fortune that Marian intended to settle upon Edith and Miriam, was entrusted to the care of the worthy surgeon, to be invested in bank stock for their benefit, as soon as he should reach Baltimore. It was arranged that the donor should remain anonymous, or be known only as a friend of Miriam's father.

In the course of a few months Marian's institution, "The Children's Home," was commenced. And before the end of the first year, it was completed and filled with inmates. Marian had at first discreetly limited the number to be received to the capacities of accommodation afforded by her house. But could she so limit the expansion of her own benevolent heart? Could she turn back the houseless little ones that wanted to come in? No, never—and it happened of course, that as month followed month, and her "Children's Home" thrived, and more applications for shelter there pressed upon her, that her house had to be enlarged, and its income increased, and more and more of her reserved private fortune appropriated to meet expenses, until her whole estate was embarked in the benevolent enterprise, and she had nothing left but a home among her own little flock. And Marian did not regret this as long as the income met the outlay.

But the demands of her heart to be farther useful among the unfortunate, were not satisfied. Her sympathies were awakened, and her thoughts employed for another class of sufferers—the industrious poor of the over-peopled country, starving in enforced idleness. And her mind involuntarily associated with them the vast, uninhabited, fertile tracts of land in western America. She saw these two groups of facts, as surely related to each other as demand and supply, or as disease and remedy. The poor, miserable men and women of the old world, perishing around her for the want of food or the work that would win it—and the broad, rich prairies of the new world lying idle, waiting to repay labor and cultivation with health, competence and independence to the laborer and cultivator—two things morally related, but actually separated. Day and night toiled Marian's heart and brain, with the problem of how to bring these two powers together for mutual advantage. True, she knew that there were colonization companies and emigrant ships, (as she had *also* known when planning for the relief of destitute children, that there were Orphan Asylums,) but they did not seem to meet the case.

It was a doubtful good to pick up a cargo of human beings, as motley as Falstaff's regiment, made up equally of criminals and paupers, and cast them strangers and penniless upon a foreign shore—leaving them to wander about seeking work, begging or stealing, through the Atlantic cities, with not much better opportunities of improvement than they left behind. No; the great uninhabited tracts of the West—the rich prairie lands, the forests with their game no "lord" or "gentleman" might "preserve," the lakes and streams with their fisheries unincorporated; *this* was the "promised land" for the landless—the hope of the laborer!

Day and night her heart burned and her head planned. Oh for the means of bringing those two related forces together. Had she possessed the fortune of the Baron Rothschild, she would have gladly devoted it to the purpose of settling the industrious suffering poor of over-populated England upon the uninhabited rich territories of the West. She now regarded America as God's [illegible] gift to the [illegible] of Europe. Oh! for the means of helping those poor to their land of promise. Day and night heart and brain [illegible] with this problem. From herself she could do nothing; her only means were all absorbed upon the children; she had reserved nothing—her very clothing was of that [illegible] and [illegible] provided for the children's wear.

But Marian knew that the most insignificant action was better than mere fruitless theorizing, and she resolved to begin and do something if it were for the relief of only a few families. Her acquaintance among the benevolent portion of the wealthy and influential was considerable.

Her field of labor was extended and changed. She had now not only to labor for the good of others, but to labor upon the hearts and minds of others. I have before mentioned Marian's irresistible powers of persuasion—that combined eloquence of soul and eye and lip that no one could withstand—that matchless "spell o'er hearts," composed of beauty, genius, goodness, and indomitable will. The spectacle of a lady, young, beautiful, and gifted, devoting her whole life to purposes so disinterested and benevolent, could not but appeal powerfully to the co-operation of the good, the wise, and the strong around her. She left no means untried to effect the object she had in view, and her efforts were in time rewarded with a fair prospect of success.

But was Marian content? *Did* she realize the promised "angel's" happiness? She lived two lives—the actual life of thought and labor for others, and the inner life of sorrow; patient, silent, veiled sorrow—sorrow that she must bear alone. Thus when she suffered herself to relapse into reverie and recollection, her sufferings were almost insupportable,—alone, unloved, and filled with the memories of bitter wrongs, how could it be otherwise?

And when, with a strong effort of will, she threw herself with all her force into works of humanity and benevolence, then—Was she happy?

But we must leave her for the present, and revisit Miriam. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Clippings.

☞ A counterfeit article of buckwheat is said by the Western papers to be abroad. It is made from the seed of broom-corn, and meets with an extensive sale in Pittsburg and Northern Ohio, at 4 cts. per lb.

☞ QUILTS.—We never look at them with any pleasure; they remind us of one shown to Dr. Johnson, which, having a good deal of red in it, provoked the surly old cynic to say: "It is all red with the blood of murdered Time." We expect to see them disappear, except as samples of the work of little girls, put together in the way of educational exercises.—*Prairie Farmer.*

☞ The secret of some men's attractions might be safely told to all the world; for under any other management but that of the possessor, they would cease to attract. Those attempting to imitate them, would find they had got the fiddle, but not the fiddle-stick.

☞ FREQUENTLY THE CASE.—Mr. George W. Curtis, in a lecture at New York, spoke of those pious people who clasped their hands so tight in prayer that they could not open them when the contribution box came round.

☞ INTERESTING DOMESTIC DISCOVERY.—It was Napoleon, or Madame de Stael, who said that "if you scratched a Russian, you would find a Tartar underneath." Jones (of Marylebone) goes further than this, for he says "that he has only got to scratch his wife, and he catches a Tartar instantly."

☞ DIGNIFIED MEN.—A cit in a country town, a midshipman on a quarter-deck, and a school committee on examination day.

☞ A chord of love runs through all the sounds of creation; but the ear of love alone can distinguish it.

☞ A NOVEL TONIC.—In order to give tone to the stomach, it is recommended to swallow the dinner-bell.

☞ A MISNOMER.—"What are you?" asked a railway passenger of an obtrusive official. "The Conductor." "What's your name?" "Wood." "Pooh!" exclaimed the querist, "that cannot be; Wood is a non-conductor."

☞ VERY FAIR.—The New York Sunday Mercury thinks that Doctor Townsend should place the following motto upon his new palace in that city:

Sarsaparilla
Built this villa.

☞ "Will you dine with me to-morrow?" asked one Irishman of another. "Faith, and I will, with all my heart." "Remember, 'tis only a family dinner I'm askin' you to." "And what for not—a family dinner is a mighty pleasant thing. "What have you got?" "Och, nothing uncommon—an illigant piece of corned beef and potatoes." "By the powers, that beats the world! jist my dinner to a hair—*barring the beef!*"

☞ A GREEN PEA.—Mr. Reuben Pea, who was absconding with $800 of the money of his employers, was arrested on the 19th ult., in the interior of Mississippi. Mr. Pea had to shell out.

☞ A SLIGHT MISTAKE.—A strictly religious man laid by, for Sunday reading, an article he saw in his weekly paper, headed "The Rise and Progress of St. Paul." But, on taking it up to read, he found it was an historical account of the business progress of St. Paul, Minnesota.

☞ Politeness puts merit forward, and renders it agreeable; a man must have eminent qualifications to support himself without it.

☞ A POINTED ANSWER.—The celebrated author of Lacon tells the following:—I once heard a gentleman make a very witty reply to one who asserted that he did not believe there was a truly honest man in the world. "Sir," said he, "it is quite impossible that any one man should know all the world; but it is very possible that every one *may know himself*."

☞ WANTED TO KNOW.—The address of the fire when it goes out? Whether the end of a sharp wind is keener than a cutting satire? Whether a treble singer does three times the work, or is paid three times as much as another? And whether a lawyer ever fainted under the burthen of conveying a house?

☞ We always feel sorry for illiterate brides and bridegrooms who have put "their mark" in the parish register; for it seems ominous that their wedded life should begin with crosses.

☞ It cannot be too deeply impressed on the mind, that application is the price to be paid for mental acquisition; and that it is as absurd to expect learning without it, as to hope for a harvest where we have not sown the seed.

☞ The most annoying beggar in the world is the man, who is always begging the question; he is worse than the Frenchman who is forever begging your pardon.

☞ GRACIOUS CONDESCENSION.—Punch tells us that the Admiralty have graciously made it known to the marines that, for the sake of uniformity, they may, in common with the military, wear moustaches! After this liberal concession, it is expected that the two forces will act with such unanimity that there will not be a hair's difference between them.

☞ A witness named Washman was called to the stand to give his testimony. Having taken his place, he turned to the bar, before testifying, and earnestly inquired, "Which side am I on?"

☞ NEW STYLE OF OVERCOAT.—The Gazette thus hits off the winter style of coats: "We notice that our young men are adopting habits of economy. We note with pleasure they wear their father's old coats. They are a little long, but it saves money."

☞ "What age would you take me for?" said the beautiful ———; no, we won't mention names. Well, we couldn't exactly say what age we might take her for; but we declared that whatever it might be, if she happened to be ours, we wouldn't part with her for twice as much.

☞ Intemperance renders the body a sink of diseases; and the mind a cage for unclean thoughts and desires. Absolute necessaries are but few, and easily attainable; but of superfluities, a disordered mind knows no end.

☞ A BITTER REMARK.—Sydney Smith said of Macaulay, "after so much claptrap and magniloquence of word and deed, ending in such little results, a few splendid passages of silence would improve his reputation."

☞ The man whose "soul was in arms" is reported to have not been very heavily burdened.

☞ A lawyer, the other day, went into one of our barber shops to procure a wig. In taking the dimensions of the lawyer's head, the boy exclaimed, "Why, how *long* your head is, sir!" "Yes!" replied our worthy friend; "we *lawyers* must have long heads!" The boy proceeded with his vocation, but at length exclaimed: "My, sir, your head is as *thick* as it is *long*!"

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY [illegible], 1855.

[illegible] GOT UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the Post are $2, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5, in advance, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent in the city to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

4 Copies, - - - - - -	$5.00	Per Annum.
8 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	10.00	"
13 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	15.00	"
20 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	20.00	"

Persons residing in British North America must remit *twenty-five cents* in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post-Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

The papers to Clubs are invariably stopped at the expiration of the period for which they have subscribed.

A NEW ARRANGEMENT.—Our subscribers will take notice that we now have no collecting agents, out of this State. They will therefore please remit to us direct.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post-Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post-Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust that such of our old friends the Post-Masters, as do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, will show our Prospectus to other influential and responsible persons who will be willing to raise clubs, &c.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L. T. is respectfully declined.

A. L. Z. The name of Mr. Willis's Highland residence is Idlewild. You will find, in his Letters from Idlewild, recently published, a very interesting account of his residence and vicinity.

THE COMING YEAR.

We may state, for the benefit of strangers who chance to see this number of the Post, that we design making our coming volume one of the most attractive that ever issued from the press. In our THIRTY-FOURTH year, and with between 80,000 and 90,000 subscribers, we feel determined not to be excelled by any contemporary.

The cost of the Novelets, &c., already engaged—the cost not of their copy-rights, but *merely of the privilege of first publication*—amounts to the sum of over

THIRTEEN HUNDRED DOLLARS.

We have engaged the very first talent that could be secured—witness the names of MRS. SOUTHWORTH, GRACE GREENWOOD, MRS. DENISON, MARY IRVING, ELIZA L. SPROAT, ALICE CAREY, METTA VICTORIA FULLER, FANNY FERN, and a NEW CONTRIBUTOR, (whose name by request is withheld.) *Mrs. Southworth will write for no other paper.* And Grace Greenwood for no other, with the exception of her own admirably conducted "Little Pilgrim."

We commence, in the present number, a short Novelet, entitled,

THE MINISTER'S CHOICE,

By GRACE GREENWOOD.

Next we design giving an original Novelet, intended to illustrate incidentally the great Evils of Intemperance, entitled,

THE FALLS OF THE WYALUSING,

By a NEW AND DISTINGUISHED CONTRIBUTOR.

In addition to the above Novelet by Grace Greenwood, we are also promised two other short Novelets,

THE ONEIDA SISTERS,

AND

THE NABOB'S WILL.

We also have made arrangements for the following additional contributions:—

NEW SERIES OF SKETCHES,

By FANNY FERN.

MARK, THE SEXTON,

A Novelet, bearing upon the subject of "SPIRITUALISM," by MRS. DENISON, Author of "The Step-Mother," "Home Pictures," &c., &c.

NANCY SELWYN;

OR,

THE CLOUD WITH A SILVER LINING.

A Novelet, by MARY IRVING.

And last, but by no means least, from the fascinating and powerful pen of the Post's *exclusive* contributor,

VIVIA:

A STORY OF LIFE'S MYSTERY.

By MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

Author of "Miriam," "The Lost Heiress," &c.

In addition, of course, to the above, we shall endeavor to keep up our usual variety of ENGRAVINGS, ORIGINAL SKETCHES and LETTERS, PICTURES OF LIFE in our own and foreign lands, CHOICE SELECTIONS from all sources, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, GENERAL NEWS, HUMOROUS ANECDOTES, VIEW OF THE PRODUCE and STOCK MARKETS, BANK NOTE LIST, EDITORIALS, &c., &c. Our object being to give a Complete Record, as far as our limits will admit, of the Great World. For terms, &c., see head of column.

SENATOR PRICE.

As was to be expected, Senator Price of this city has raised a hornet's nest in the Legislature by his Bill against Bribery, and his disclosures relative thereto. The bill is denounced—the motives of its author are denounced—and the member who wanted five dollars apiece for himself and friends, is said to be "an habitual drunkard, and *elected by mistake*." What a pity that such "*mistakes*" are of such frequent occurrence!

The whole affair besides is denominated a "joke," and probably it was one—the five dollars being the "little joker" on the occasion. Doubtless a good deal of this kind of legislative humor occurs at Harrisburg during a session.

Well, in our opinion, Mr. Price deserves credit for his course—and if a majority of the members of both Houses really desire to put an end to Bribery, his bill will pass. But we fear it will not pass—for we believe that a more scurvy set of politicians never obtained power in this country, than now control the wires of our political parties. It is a long continuance of such corrupt government, that reconciles the people to the kicking aside of legislators by some strong but comparatively honest usurper. Of course such a thing is not possible in this country now—though, even in our time, we have seen most wonderful revolutions of public sentiment upon other questions. Woe to the liberties of any nation, when its legislators become as ours are, a scorn and a reproach. It has entered on a path which may lead in the course of a single century, to anarchy or a throne.

PURITAN NAMES.—In a history of Captain Roger Clapp, who came to this country in 1630, and settled in Dorchester, the names of his children are given as follows:—Samuel, William, Elizabeth, Experience, Waitstill, Preserved, Hopestill, Wait, Thanks, Desire, Thomas, Unite, and Supply.

Of course when there was a "supply," the number ceased.

SUNBURY AND ERIE.

Since our last issue, Mr. Cooper, the President of the Sunbury and Erie Railroad, has published a letter in answer to the Report of the Committee of Select Councils. That letter should be regarded as riveting the last nail in the coffin of the present management. It confirms, by not attempting to deny, the most important facts referred to in the Post of last week. It now appears certain that the subscription of Philadelphia to the Road, was obtained by deception—and, probably, by the personal bribery of certain members of Council. While we have no specific authority for this latter supposition, it seems impossible to conceive that the Councils should ever have walked into the trap prepared for them, save by the wilful blindness of certain gentlemen in whom they trusted. It is impossible, we fear, to believe them all honest, except by believing them all fools. Mr. Cooper, in his letter, says with a remarkable degree of candor and modesty:—

"The city of Philadelphia is interested in the Sunbury and Erie Railroad Company, to the extent of two and a quarter millions of dollars. *No power can release the Corporation from the payment of a single instalment on its Stock.*"

The italics in the statement are Mr. Cooper's own—as if the assertion made were one beyond all denial. In other words, the Company say, We will not stop to discuss *how* we have obtained your subscription; but we *have obtained* it, and will hold you to its payment to the last farthing. Everybody else may be allowed to play fast and loose, in order to snare you; but you, gentlemen, are responsible parties, and we will not let you off, until we have sucked you to the last stipulated drop of blood.

But neither Mr. Cooper's legal nor business attainments are such as to lead us to feel much confidence in his opinions. A gentleman who, according to his own recorded statements on examination, did not know that a certain check was the same which was given him some time before, saying:—"I had always supposed that it was, and I was not aware, until two or three days since, that it was not. How the exchange took place I am not entirely certain, but presume it must have been made when I was in Boston;" and who paid $6,000, (18 per cent.,) interest for money, when the Company had, he says, a check for $100,000 on hand, convertible into cash at a few days notice—certainly should not in reason expect to stand very high either as a business man or a financier.

We would suggest to Mr. Cooper that a subscription to stock, obtained by false representations, is no subscription—and that the City is not bound by the acts of its agents, when such acts are in violation of plain and explicit instructions. And therefore that the City of Philadelphia is neither morally nor legally bound to pay another cent of the unauthorized subscription;—even if there be no legal means, of which we are by no means certain, of holding those to account who have so glaringly deceived it.

The best we can say of many of the Company's doings is—"it is all a muddle." A number of the transactions brought before the public are so befogged and beclouded, that while a charitable person may hesitate to bring in a verdict of guilty, it requires a very gullible organization indeed, to see nothing in them of a doubtful or even suspicious character.

And yet in the face of all that has been brought to light, we hear statements that the present administration of the Company is to be endorsed by Councils. If this be done,—and it may be done before this article goes to press—it will argue a rottenness exceeded by nothing in the history of even our sister city New York. *Sister* cities indeed will they then be—wallowing in the same foul pool of corruption and slime!

But we hope better things. We hope that the Directors elected by the city will be men not heretofore connected with the Company, and of undoubted integrity. And that this blow will be followed up, at the proper time, by an entire change in the Direction. If this cannot be done, we for one are for an entire abandonment of the road. We are utterly opposed to throwing good money after bad. Let the whole concern go to perdition, so far as the means of the city are concerned, if it cannot be sustained without sustaining its present defective and incompetent management.

LITERARY PERSEVERANCE.

We find, under this head, going the rounds of the newspapers, the subjoined item, originating ostensibly with Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton:

"Perhaps it may encourage younger writers, if I remind you that I was not successful at first in any one line that I attempted. My first attempt at prose composition was refused admittance into a magazine."

Now this kindly encouragement may be very necessary in England, where the facilities within the reach of aspiring young authors, for bringing themselves before the public, are not nearly so great as they are in this country, but we fancy if Sir Edward had been favored with a modicum of those experiences which fall to the lot of every editor of an American literary newspaper, his advice would have been materially modified.

Of all things which our youthful authors stand most in need of, *encouragement* is the very last which we should think of writing down in the list, while we would unhesitatingly recommend to all, a much more thorough and conscientious study of the vast intellectual treasures already embodied in our literature, than they are accustomed to devote to them; to say nothing of the excellent discipline of the mind and taste resulting from a study of foreign languages, and the literary stores which they contain.

There is no prospect more dazzling to the youthful author than that of seeing his name in the columns of a literary magazine or newspaper: and this desire is frequently the ruin of those who, were immediate success less an object, might, even if they never attained to any great originality, at least form a clear and concise style, and thus avoid those humiliating failures which are always, in the absence of the preparatory discipline we have supposed, certain in the end; while they would, at the same time, spare the editorial fraternity the labor of wading through masses of manuscripts, nine-tenths of which they are compelled, in justice to the writers, as well as to their readers, to reject.

We cannot impress too deeply upon the minds of all such aspirants after literary distinction, the necessity of ample reflection, before undertaking the task of enlightening or amusing the reading public, and of the most impartial revision, and the most inexorable pruning and condensation of their productions before submitting them for publication. Authorship threatens to be one of the plagues of our age and country, and we can heartily sympathise with a recent writer in his description of the epidemic:—

> 'Tis time the measles in some country town,
> Eruptive monsters, wander up and down,
> Visit each house, nor leave the fated place,
> Till they have mottled every urchin's face.

A CURIOUS FACT.

We find, in an exchange, the following paragraph, which we remember to have seen several years ago:

A DAHLIA, 2,000 YEARS OLD.—Lord Lindsay states that in the course of his wanderings amid the pyramids of Egypt, he stumbled on a mummy, proved by its hieroglyphics to be at least 2,000 years of age. On examining the mummy after it was unwrapped, he found in one of its closed hands a tuberous or bulbous root. He was interested in the question how long vegetable life could last, and he therefore took that tuberous root from the mummy's hand, planted it in a sunny soil, allowed the rain and dews of heaven to descend upon it, and in the course of a few weeks, to his astonishment and joy, the root burst forth, and bloomed into a beautiful dahlia.

We quote the foregoing item for the purpose of making a suggestion. The dahlia is, we believe, indigenous in Mexico alone, and was not known to the moderns, in the Eastern Continent, until its introduction there by the Swedish botanist, Dahl, from whom it takes its name. Now, admitting the correctness of the anecdote related by Lord Lindsay, the probability will at once suggest itself to every mind, that there existed, in ancient times, some direct intercourse between Egypt and our own continent, of which the tradition, hitherto regarded as a fable, of the island of Atlantis, may be the only remaining vestige. The vast architectural ruins of our equatorial regions, many of which are figured by Stephens, in his work on Yucatan, and which have a striking general resemblance to those of Egypt, seem strongly confirmatory of this opinion.

THE SUBTERRANEAN TELEGRAPH.—The suspicious grant of two million acres having been stricken from the Bill authorizing an underground telegraph to the Pacific, we think the House of Representatives did perfectly right in passing it, and hope the Senate will concur. But, for our part, we doubt the practicability of the scheme—and shall be surprised, now that the donation part has fallen through, if its construction is attempted. If such a subterranean Telegraph ever be completed, it will truly be a great *under-taking*.

NICE WEATHER.—The thermometer, at Quebec, on the 5th, was down to 32 degrees below zero; and at Montreal, same day, to 32 below zero.

THE OHIO RIVER.

Mr. Herman Haupt, Civil Engineer, has recently issued a pamphlet, entitled "A [illegible] edition of the Plans Proposed for the Improvement of the Ohio River." Mr. Haupt discusses the proposition for the construction of [illegible] reservoirs [illegible] and other tributaries of the Ohio, [illegible] and says, further: "It is probable that the reduction in the velocity of the current, and the consequent [illegible] would [illegible] playing [illegible] for the [illegible], would constitute one of the most formidable objections to the use of a [illegible]."

On the question of the application of the ordinary slackwater principle by means of high dams and locks," he adds, "the objections to it appear to be numerous and formidable, but not insurmountable;" and concludes with the discussion of the practicability of a system of "Low Dams with Retaining Reservoirs," which he seems to regard with the most favor. Of this plan, he says:

"Finally, it is possible to convert the whole bed of the Ohio, from Pittsburg to Cairo, into a succession of retaining reservoirs, so constructed as to oppose no impediment to free navigation at low water; which would be a great improvement upon the ordinary slackwater, which requires locks and gates at all times.

"To illustrate this plan, suppose dams 20 feet high are erected at suitable points, the required depth for navigation being, as before, 6 feet.

"The communication from one pool to the next will be, as before, by means of the canal with slope of one foot per mile. A pair of gates and lock-chamber would be placed in the upper part of this canal, so arranged as always to discharge, by a self-acting apparatus, the quantity of water requisite for the canal. Whenever the depth is above 6 feet, this lock would be used in the ordinary way. When not above 6 feet, the gates would be thrown open, and boats pass without detention.

"As one or two of the upper dams would be sufficient to retain the water necessary for navigation, and the lower ones would be useful only to control the floods, they should be so constructed as to discharge rapidly down to the level of navigation, that they may be self-acting and always ready. Such a series of dams, continued from Pittsburg to the mouth of the Ohio, would retain at least 180,000,000,000 cubic feet."

Mr. Haupt expresses the hope that the enterprise will be undertaken by a *Company*, and not by the *State*. We cannot forbear quoting a remark or two on this point:

"Whatever plan may be adopted, it will be obvious to every one who has observed the evils of public management, that the improvement should not be operated by the General Government, or controlled by any State administration. Were there no other precedents, that of Pennsylvania, with her State works, should be sufficient to show that improvements of any kind managed by State or Government officials become political machines, engines of wide-spread corruption, contaminating all who are brought within their influences, and notorious illustrations of extravagance and mismanagement. Millions have been expended upon the public works of Pennsylvania; every year the reports of State officers have shown a fair balance of net receipts, consoling to unsophisticated tax-payers; but when the results of operations from the beginning are examined, when estimates are added for deterioration, renewals, and repairs, the discovery is made that *the whole system has not yet paid a cent, and that the interest on the debt incurred in the construction of their works has been paid by revenues derived from the odious process of taxation.*"

THE SLAVE TRADE.

A pamphlet, entitled "The American Squadron: Ashburton Treaty: Consular Sea Letters. Reviewed, in an Address, by Commander A. H. Foote, U. S. N.," has just been handed to us by that gentleman. It is published at the request of the Directors of the American Colonization Society. From a hasty glance at its contents, we observe that Com. Foote opposes the removal of the African Squadron from the seas in which it has heretofore been cruising, alleging that its maintenance is highly necessary to the suppression of the foreign slave-trade, which, he asserts, assumes the protection of the American flag more frequently than that of any other nation. Commander Foote regards it as a fact highly disgraceful to us, as a nation, that this traffic should be indirectly encouraged by us through the removal of such obstacles as have hitherto existed to its prosecution. Neither the British nor the French vessels can in any way interfere with the vessels of the United States, "*whether these latter have slaves on board or not*"—and, consequently, the imperative necessity of an American Squadron. Commodore Mayo, now in command on the African coast, writes:—

"You are quite right in supposing that the withdrawal of the African Squadron would be attended with most injurious results. Our trade on this coast would certainly be destroyed, our flag would be prostituted to the purposes of the slave trade, and the Liberian Colonies would lose the valuable influence which the presence of our ships of war exercises upon the minds of the natives.

"It is much to be deplored that the want of small steamers in our navy deprives this squadron of the greatest modern improvement in naval equipments, for these calm seas are particularly adapted to steam navigation. I am of opinion that it is very essential that the flag ship at least, should be a steamer."

BARNUM'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

The London Times' opinion of this work, is as follows:

"It is by no means a 'golden book,' but a very dull volume—a commonplace rambling emanation from a mind without penetration, taste, or enthusiasm, which only regards the dark side of nature, and that from an extremely superficial point of view.

"Like the autobiography of Hieronymus Cardanus, and the *Confessions* of Jean Jacques, there is much laid bare in the *Life of Mr. P. T. Barnum* that had best been concealed; but as everything is related in a flippant, semi-impertinent tone, while clad in English almost as lax, indefinite and slip-shod as the principles that animate the writer, it cannot be said of it as of either of the above-named masterpieces, that it is delightful reading, *quand meme*. On the contrary, it is hard labor to wade through it; and there is little to recompense the pains when you have arrived at the end. Never was confession made up of such a mass of audacious imposture: never did sinner pour into the ears of listening priest such a *galimatias* of irredeemable offences."

As the publishers have so far very wisely refrained from sending us Mr. Barnum's autobiography, and thus paid a high compliment to the character of the Post, we have charitably let this vile carcass float by us, on the current of "*literature*," with no further remark than its tainting of the atmosphere in our neighborhood necessarily provoked. Our opinion of the moral of the thing, may be conveyed by a simple quotation of the old saying, which embraces the sum and substance of all worldliness, "Make money! honestly if you can—*but make money!*" If it were not that every truthful and ingenuous mind, must naturally revolt from its perusal, it would be one of the most pernicious works ever published in the country.

THE IMPURITY OF COAL.—It is rather singular that just in proportion to the high price of any article, are the chances that it will be of an inferior quality. Every builder knows that when mechanics are in demand, and wages high, his men will not do more than about two-thirds as much work in a day as in other seasons. And now, when coal is so exorbitantly dear, every ton contains a large proportion of dirt, slate, &c. Even the boasted coal of the Lehigh Company is not an exception—as we know to our sorrow; recently having sent six miles for it, and got very far from the "clean thing." And it is not only the loss in amount of the real article that is to be complained of—but the impurity causes the coal to give off vast quantities of poisonous gases, destructive to comfort and to health. In fact, the coal now-a-days is often responsible for a discharge of gas that is laid to the bad qualities of the furnace or the stove. For our part, we doubt whether we shall ever be able to say a good word for the "Great Coal Interest" again—we have been so tormented for the last year or two with high-priced dirty coal, and its abominable gases.

THE STREET-SWEEPING MACHINES.—It is said that ten street-sweeping machines, after the English model, have been constructed in this city—but that the proper Department will take no action upon the reasonable offers of the proprietors, and therefore that the machines will probably go to New York. We consider the Department referred to entirely excusable in this matter. To those accustomed to the dirt of the Council Chambers, the streets must seem comparatively decent. Oh, for ten council-sweeping machines, to be used at the next election!

A GOOD FASHION.—The *unglazed* visiting cards now in fashion are to be much commended. The glazed or enamelled cards are poisonous—a recent journal contained the names of four children, who had been poisoned by them. Let every sensible person therefore throw his or her glazed cards into the fire—and never purchase another set while they live. You would not sleep easy at nights, if some card left by you at a friend's dwelling, had caused the death of one of his children.

☞ Henry Ward Beecher, of New York, while approving the chief principles of the Know Nothings, dislikes, as a great many others do, the practice of *secret* organization and meeting. He says:—An honest man in a secret political organization, has "the peculiar advantage that flies have in a spider's web—the privilege of losing their legs, of buzzing without flying, and being eaten at leisure by *big-bellied spiders*."

FOR MARRIED MEN.

As a companion-piece to the article with this title, in a former number of the Post, a lady [illegible] us the following:—

HOW TO MAKE HOME [illegible].

"A small, pleasant wife—[illegible] things glittering on the table—but [illegible] and cold. Husband comes in—looks around for a newspaper, wholly absorbed in it while the meal is dished up and set on the table—all sit down—husband looks round every now and then at the [illegible]—[illegible] his supper—rises from the table while the rest are finishing—goes to his [illegible]—takes his hat and cane—hurries off to some place of amusement—some lecture—some reading-room, or somewhere. Comes home at ten—twelve—not particular as to hour—finds wife in bed, whose heart perhaps has sobbed itself to sleep."

Our lady friend is right—this also will make home intolerable; and husbands who read this, will please not consider at once how neighbor Smith or Jones behaves, but look at number one, and think whether he spends as many evenings by his own fireside as is consistent with the promises with which he wooed a young and beautiful girl to be his wife.

Apropos to this matter, that was a pretty, and withal very sensible and pointed little poem that we published not long since, from the pen of "Coventry Patmore." That a man should undervalue a woman merely because she is undisputedly his, certainly proves a rather mean order of mind and soul. As we warrant half of our readers have overlooked the poem referred to, we copy here the larger portion of it:

> [illegible] should a man, it seems to me,
> Honor what honorable is,
> For some more honorable plea
> Than only that it is not his.
> The gentle wife who decks his board,
> And makes his day to have no night,
> Whose wishes wait upon her lord,
> Who finds her own in his delight,
> Is she another now than she,
> Who, mistress of her maiden charms,
> At his wild prayer, incredibly
> Committed them to his proud arms?
> Unless her choice of him's a slur
> Which makes her proper credit dim,
> He never enough can honor her
> Who past all speech has honor'd him.

Depend upon it, of all the "rights of woman," that of being well loved by her husband, is the one that a vast majority of the sex value the most highly.

ARCHITECTURE.

The Ledger-man—so-called probably, because there *is* no such individual—complains of the taste shown in the churches of this city. We think if he would take a walk up Sixth Street, and, when he gets above Green, look to the West, he will make no further complaints of any other church—not even that at the South-East corner of Eighteenth and Arch streets. The building we allude to, is a perfect "stunner"—being enough to strike any man of taste dumb for the moment. The crowning touch of the architect—could there have been one?—was to place two castles (such as you see among chess men,) on the roof, one on each side of the front. The effect is, as Dominie Sampson would say, pro-di-gi-ous! The old church was quite a respectable looking edifice, consistent with the preaching of quite a sober and respectable Christianity—but it has been modernized into what it is. We can suggest no other improvement than to have a little flag waving from each of the castles—we cannot conscientiously call them turrets—of this church militant.

THE CLERGY AND THE WAR.—Some of the papers are taking to task certain of the reverend clergy, for having recently publicly expressed while in Canada, their sympathy with the Allies in the present war. Among these reverend gentlemen, were Bishop Potter, of New York, Mr. Kirk, of Boston, Mr. Worcester, Mr. Wood (Secretary of the Board of Missions), Mr. Hickey, &c.

While we admit that Bishop Potter may have erred in stating positively that the press did not represent the people of the United States, in their course relative to the war,—we think that he and the other reverend gentlemen, might have fairly claimed to represent the members of the sects to which they belong. And, as for the people at large, we have very little doubt that, could a vote be taken, at least three out of four, if not nine out of ten, would express their warm sympathy with the Allies. We think that several influential papers—which seem to lean towards the Czar; more from hatred to his opponents than love to him, however—are decidedly in advance of their readers in so doing—a kind of *advance backwards* towards ignorance and despotism. We pity them—for in some it probably is mental, in others moral darkness.

THE LITTLE PILGRIM.—The February number opens with the story of "Auld Robin Gray," told by the able pen of the editor. There are also sketches of Windsor Castle, and of King James and the Lady Jane Beaufort—new chapters of "The Countries I have Seen." Miss Pardoe, the English authoress, contributes a poem, "Mother, I am Weary;" and Mrs. Anna Cora Ritchie (late Mrs. Mowatt) completes her "Angel Children." A graceful article on childhood's "Happy Days," by Felix, and a "Hymn for a Child," conclude the number. We trust the children are not being neglected in the renewals of papers and magazines; and that those who wish to subscribe for such a periodical, will not forget the "Little Pilgrim," edited by Grace Greenwood and L. K. Lippincott, Philadelphia.

CHARITY.—Nearly $20,000 already has been collected in this city, by the Committee appointed for the Relief of the Suffering Poor. Of course there has been a large additional, and probably greater amount given in other ways. We hear that never was it so easy to collect money, &c., for the poor, as during the present season. Times are "hard," but the hearts of those having ability to give, still continue soft. It is the best sign of the "Good time coming"—which we heard so much about some years ago—that we have recently noticed. "Charity"—probably even in the sense of mere alms-giving—"covers a multitude of sins." Even four *Banks* gave a thousand dollars. Who will say that there is no hope for the "money-changers" after that!

THE WINKING AND WEEPING MADONNAS.—The New York correspondent of the Ledger of this city says:—

I have it on reliable authority, that the Pope of Rome, as a special mark of gratitude to the American Bishops, for the earnestness and zeal they exhibited, in aiding the settlement of the Immaculate Conception question, has consented that the celebrated Winking Madonna, of Rimini, shall be permitted to pay a visit to the United States; also the Celebrated Weeping Madonna, which has been lately attracting so much notice in Italy. They may be expected about the middle of March, and their advent will be quite an event in the Roman Catholic world here.

AN EXAMPLE.—Mayor Wood, of New York, has given official notice to the bone-boiling establishments in that city, that they are nuisances, and must shut up shop. If Mayor Conrad has the power, we hope he has the will to follow that worthy example. Why men should be allowed to depreciate the property for squares around them, to an extent ten-fold greater than their own yearly earnings, passes our comprehension. To us there is no republicanism in it, but the grossest kind of selfishness and aristocracy.

☞ The Rev. Dr. Theodore Norman, a well known Missionary, who has travelled almost everywhere, is now in Philadelphia, at the Merchants' Hotel, Fourth street, above Market. In consequence of a serious illness in New Orleans, Dr. N. has lost the power of speech, and needs the kindly services of his friends.

CAPITAL.—A young man in this city was recently fined $16.75 for uttering twenty-four oaths in an Alderman's office. Not having the money, he was committed 24 hours for each oath, and 24 hours extra for drunkenness—making 25 days in all.

☞ By a recent statistical report, it appears that of 34,049 children born in Paris in 1853, 10,683 were illegitimate. And yet we have heard a travelled American say that Paris was not so immoral a place as was generally supposed.

ADVANTAGE OF HARD TIMES.—We notice that the price of the various ways "to make a fortune," has generally fallen from one dollar to 25 cts. It strikes us that this is one advantage of the hard times.

THE WIFE'S VICTORY.—We call attention to the advertisement of this work on the next page. It is sent free of postage on receipt of one dollar.

☞ It is expected that the Submarine Telegraph between the Crimea and London and Paris will be completed by the end of this month.

☞ Mrs. Smikes says, the reason children are so bad this generation, is owing to the wearing of gaiter shoes, instead of the old-fashioned slippers. Mothers find it too much trouble to untie gaiters to whip children, so they go unpunished; but when *she* was a child, the way the old slipper used to do its duty was a caution.

New Publications.

THE POETICAL AND DRAMATIC WORKS OF S. T. COLERIDGE. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 1855.

We have received from Parry & M'Millan, a copy of this reprint of the Works of Coleridge, uniform with the edition of those of Wordsworth, which we noticed a few weeks since. [illegible] lover of true poetry is there who will not read, over and over again, the magnificent "Hymn before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni," and [illegible] under the minstrelsy that celebrated

> ———"the God who framed
> Mankind to be one mighty family,
> Himself our Father, and the World our Home."

In addition to its own unborrowed beauties, this collection is enriched with the author's excellent translation of the master-piece of the German drama, Schiller's "Wallenstein," which is, of itself, worth the price of the book, to those who do not read the original.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF JOHN KEATS. With a Life. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 1854. For sale by Parry & M'Millan, Philadelphia.

Keats will probably never be popular with the mass of readers, but with the discriminating student of literature, his merits must always overbalance his defects. While we should hesitate to recommend this volume to all readers, indiscriminately, feeling assured that many would be disappointed in their purchase, we can cordially do so to all who are content to sit down quietly and *study* their author, knowing that all such must rise from the perusal of Keats with the conviction that among modern English poets he has few equals.

It is embellished with a portrait which we cannot help thinking must be better than that which accompanies the previous American editions; more, by-the-way, than we can say of the portrait of Coleridge, in the volume above noticed.

FLORA, LYRICS AND DIVINE SONGS. By ISAAC WATTS. With a Memoir, by ROBERT SOUTHEY. 1855.

In the same style we have the works of Watts, (for sale by the above mentioned Philadelphia house,) in praise of which, it is needless to say a word.

THE HISTORY OF AN EXPEDITION AGAINST FORT DU QUESNE, IN 1755. By WINTHROP SARGENT. Published by Lippincott, Grambo & Co., Philadelphia. 1855.

This work, published under the auspices of the Pennsylvania Historical Society, will doubtless prove interesting to all those who desire a circumstantial account of the unfortunate expedition under Braddock for the capture of the French fortress of Du Quesne. It is handsomely printed, and embellished with a good engraving representing "Braddock's Field."

A YEAR OF THE WAR. By ADAM G. DE GUROWSKI. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

This is another of those futile efforts which are constantly being made, to enlist popular sympathy in this country in behalf of Russia, and against the Allies. Our position on this question we defined months since; a repetition is useless here; but we may be permitted to say that we regard this pamphlet as a very weak production, one which will repay few for the reading.

PIUS IX., THE LAST OF THE POPES. This pamphlet is for sale by Lippincott, Grambo & Co. It appears to be one of those numerous hastily-written affairs which the present Anti-Catholic excitement has produced, and which unfortunately take the place of Ranke's History of the Popes, with the masses.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS, for February, is on our table, an interesting number.

HARPER'S STORY BOOKS, No. 2, also HARPER'S MAGAZINE, for February, are for sale at T. B. Peterson's.

AVILLION, AND OTHER TALES. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York. This is a reprint, in a cheap form, of half a dozen tales, by the author of "Olive," "The Head of the Family," &c., which we have not had time to read.

THE MUSICAL EXAMINER, for February, 1855, is just published by Lindsay & Blakiston.

Miscellaneous.

BURNING OF MOSCOW.

We wonder if history ever tells the exact truth. The following article on the burning of Moscow, would make us think not. We clip from the Muscatine (Iowa) Inquirer:

Coming up to the boat a few days ago, we happened to fall in company with Senator Douglas, who came on board at Quincy, on his way to Warsaw. In the course of a very interesting account of his travels in Russia, much of which has been published by letter-writers, he stated a fact which has never yet been published, but which startingly contradicts the received historical relation of one of the most extraordinary events that ever fell to the lot of history to record. For this reason, the Judge said he felt a delicacy in making the assertion, that *the city of Moscow was never burned!*

He said, that previous to his arrival at Moscow, he had several disputes with his guide as to the burning of the city, the guide declaring it never occurred, and seeming to be nettled at Mr. Douglas's persistency in his opinion, but on examining the fire-marks around the city, and the city itself, he became satisfied that the guide was correct.

The statement goes on to set forth the antiquity of the architectural city—particularly of its six-hundred first-class churches, stretching through anti-Napoleonic ages to pagan times, and showing the handiwork of different nations of history—demonstrates that the city was never burnt down (or up.) The Inquirer adds:

The Kremlin is a space of several hundred acres, in the shape of a flat-iron, and is enclosed by a wall sixty feet high. Within this enclosure is the most magnificent palace in Europe, recently built, but constructed over an ancient palace, which remains, thus enclosed, whole and perfect, with all its windows, etc.

Near the Kremlin, surrounded by a wall, is a Chinese town, appearing to be several hundred years old, still occupied by descendants of the original settlers.

The circumstances which gave rise to the error concerning the burning of Moscow, were these: It is a city of 450,000 inhabitants, in circular form, occupying a large space, five miles across. There the winters are six months long: and the custom was, and still is, to lay up supplies of provisions and wood to last six months of severe and cold weather. To prevent these gigantic supplies from cumbering the heart of the city, and yet render them as convenient as practicable to every locality, a row of wood houses was constructed to circle completely round the city, and outside of these was a row of granaries, and in these were deposited the whole of the supplies. Napoleon had entered the city with his army, and was himself occupying the palace of Kremlin, when one night, by order of the Russian Governor, every wood-house and every granary simultaneously burst into a blaze. All efforts to extinguish them were vain, and Napoleon found himself compelled to march his army through the fire. Retiring to an eminence, he saw the whole city enveloped in vast sheets of flames, and clouds of smoke, and apparently all on fire. And so far as he was concerned it might as well have been, for though houses enough were left to supply every soldier with a room, yet without provision or fuel; and a Russian army to cut off all supplies, he and his army could not subsist there. During this fire some houses were probably burnt, but the city was not. In the Kremlin a magazine blew up, cracking the church of Ivan more than a hundred feet up, but set nothing on fire.

Mr. Douglas saw the fire marks around the city, where wood-houses and granaries for winter supplies now stand as of old, but there appear no marks of conflagration within the city. On the contrary, it bears the unmistakable evidences of *age*.

COAL.—The use of coal in England in the thirteenth century met with great opposition. A lecturer upon the subject, in Boston, says its use was prohibited by parliamentary law, under the impression that it produced disease. All milder punishments failing to stop its use, a law was passed making it a capital offence to burn coal. In the reign of Edward the First, a man was actually put to death for using it. The ladies, always jealous of their personal charms, were hostile to its use, under the impression that it injured the complexion; a formidable opposition was thus raised, but convenience and necessity have triumphed over all obstacles, and those vast magazines of heat, are now affording us inexhaustible supplies of highly concentrated and convenient fuel.

☞ Wisdom allows nothing to be good, that will not be so forever; no man to be happy, but he that needs no other happiness than what is within himself; no man to be great or powerful, that is not master of himself.—*Seneca.*

SCHUYLER, THE RUINED BANKER.

A New York letter writer makes the following comment upon the fallen fortunes of the celebrated Robert Schuyler:

"I passed, the other day, the splendid mansion of Mr. Schuyler, whose sumptuous friends are so well known. It was closed, and apparently solitary, though his family still resided there. What a contrast a few months has apparently made in that family! Its glory is dim. Crowds no longer assemble in the spacious parlors, the occasion of the splendid and gay [illegible]; the brilliant lights and the dashing company no longer allure the crowd to herd around the curbstone—all is solitude. But what a lesson does this event teach.

Mr. Schuyler had two characters. In business, on 'Change, at his rooms in the Astor, he was known as the high-minded, honorable, successful, pure-minded man, one of whom New York was proud, one whom she delighted to honor. Now come with me into one of the least pretending streets in New York. This house is as unpretending as the street. Mr. Spicer lives here. Let us enter. Mrs. Spicer and a family of children from 19 years and under, compose the household. It is said to be a singular family. Mr. Spicer is a singular man. No one ever sees him. The butcher, the milkman, the landlord don't know him. Mrs. Spicer does all the business. Mr. Spicer comes in late; he goes away early in the morning.

He is a business man: he has so much business that he is never seen in his family. Remain there day and night, and you will never see Mr. Spicer. The daughters become young ladies. They are well educated. They go out into society, but no one knows their father. Mr. Spicer's name is not in the business directory. So have this family lived for twenty years in the heart of New York! At length the elder Miss Spicer is engaged to a most worthy man. It is needful to gain the consent of Mr. Spicer that the marriage may take place.

A time is appointed, and the expectant son-in-law is placed face to face with Mr. Spicer. He is told by the father himself that his name is not Spicer, but it is Mr. Schuyler; that the mother of his daughter is not a wife; but if the daughter is taken in marriage the mother shall be wedded. The double act is consummated; the veil is removed, New York is agitated for a moment by the disclosures; an elegant house is taken on Twenty-second street, and the family is launched on the wave of fashionable life. All the world knows the sequel. With so rotten a foundation, how could the superstructure stand?

SALERATUS.—The newspapers are denouncing *Saleratus* as a poison, and the cause of the death of a large proportion of the children who die annually. In the midst of this hubbub, we are asked, "*What is Saleratus?*" "Wood is burnt to ashes—ashes are lixiviated—ley is the result. Ley evaporates by boiling—black salts are the residuum. The salts undergo a purification by fire, and the potash of commerce is obtained. By another process we change potash into pearlash. Now put this into casks, and place them over a distillery wash-tub, where fermentation evolves carbonic acid gas, and the pearlash absorbs and renders it solid; the product being heavier, drier and whiter than the pearlash. It is now Saleratus."

Clippings.

☞ Moss will grow upon grave-stones, the ivy will cling to the mouldering pile; the misletoe springs from the dying branch; and, God be praised, something green, something fair to the sight, and grateful to the heart, will yet twine around and grow out of the seams and cracks of the desolate temple of the human heart.

☞ Man ought always to have something which he prefers to life, otherwise life itself will appear to him tiresome and void.

☞ It is observed, that the most censorious are generally the least judicious, who, having nothing to recommend themselves, will be finding fault with others. No man envies the merit of another who has enough of his own.

☞ The first step towards virtue is to abstain from vice. No man has true, sound sense, who is immoral.—*Spectator.*

☞ Slanderers are like flies; they leap all over a man's good parts, to light upon his sores.

☞ Governor Pollock was not quite so careful in the wording of his Inaugural as he might have been. The "Johnstown Echo," alluding to the Governor's statement that Providence had placed "limestone *everywhere*, and just where most required," says—"How grateful we ought to be to Providence for being so kind as to furnish 'limestone everywhere, *and just where most required*.' Had a 'kind Providence' distributed 'limestone everywhere,' and left none 'just where most required,' the business would have been beautifully botched."

☞ The spirit of liberty is not, as multitudes imagine, a jealousy of our own particular rights, but a respect for the rights of others, and an unwillingness that any man, whether high or low, should be wronged and trampled under foot.—*Channing.*

☞ "We have the most religious hens," said a little girl, "that ever you saw. They never drink the least drop of water, without looking up to the sky between every swallow—I suppose to thank God. I am sure such hens are an example to us all."

☞ Extravagance and Meanness are twin sisters.

General News.

"DECENTLY BURIED."—A person of inferior degree recently died in Rochester. He had a trifle over $100 in the Savings Bank. His wife directed that this should be withdrawn when he died, in order to secure to him a "decent burial." The money was taken out, and $81.92 were expended upon the "wake" and the funeral. The Democrat gives the following "bill of items" for the expenses of the "wake."

Mr. ———

Jan 15, 1855	To ———	Dr.
To	5 gals. whiskey	$ [illegible]
	4 gals. dark brandy, $3	12 00
	1 gal. wine	[illegible]
	[illegible] lb tea	[illegible]
	5 lb crackers	40
	10 lb cheese	1 [illegible]
	7 lb tobacco	[illegible]
	6 doz. pipes	[illegible]
	4 lb sperm candles	[illegible]
	Total	$[illegible]

The expenses at the cemetery, including the priest's charge of $1, were $20.25. Mass at the church, Undertaker's fees, etc., reached $20 more.

An Irishman died in Albany, not long ago, who had deposited over $500 in the Savings Bank, although he lived in great *apparent* indigence. No sooner was he dead, than a grand "wake" and burial was decided upon, and it cost his family over $120 to get his body into the ground. The liquor drunk at the "wake" cost $42, and there was a charge for four "sympathisers," who were hired to make many lamentations for the departed—to wail and howl over his dead body. The coffin, the carriages and the masses amounted to a round sum. And so Pat was "decently buried."

RESULT OF A SINGLE OMISSION.—A few weeks ago one of the wealthiest capitalists in Amsterdam made his will, not permitting even his professional advisers to know its contents, and placing the document in a sealed envelope, transferred it to the archives of his notary. On his death-bed he communicated to certain of his friends the fact that one of the items in his will was 250 florins as a legacy for every Roman Catholic priest residing in Amsterdam. On opening the will it was ascertained that the word "priest" had been omitted, so that the bequest ran thus: "I give and bequeath to every Roman Catholic [priests, of course, included,] residing in Amsterdam at the time of my decease, the sum of 250 florins."

Several claims have been already made, and it will require about twelve millions of florins to carry out this provision. There will still remain, however, forty or fifty millions of florins for the family.

CHINA.—The New York Journal of Commerce, says that the last accounts from China are unfavorable to the cause of the Insurgents. The Imperialists at the South appear to have re-captured several towns held by the Insurgents, and to have killed a large number of them, an aggregate of some 20,000. The foreign Plenipotentiaries, it is said, will demand the immediate throwing open of the Yangtse-Kiang to foreign vessels, access to the interior for the citizens of all Western countries, and the privileges of unrestricted commerce. The Protestant Missionaries, in their zeal, are encouraging the efforts of the rebels and endeavoring to bias the Foreign Ministers to that side, because the revolutionists profess a very bastard kind of Christianity.

THE CHANCES OF TAKING SEBASTOPOL.—"Our own correspondent" of the London Times writes:—"My informant also had a close view of the besieged fortress. He declares that there is not the slightest indication of a breach, and that the walls of Sebastopol appear intact and unapproachable. To his question 'When will Sebastopol be taken?' a Zouave replied, 'When there are three Thursdays in one week!' Despite this reply, the whole camp is eager for the assault. General Canrobert never rides through the camp without being followed by cries of '*L'assaut, mon general*,' from all quarters."

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 197—Adults 95, and children 97.

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

The following letter to the Pope, from a distinguished minister of the Roman Catholic Church in France, on the subject of the "Immaculate Conception," [illegible]:

THE ABBE LABORDE'S LETTER TO PIUS IX.

"Most Holy Father,—Our Lord Jesus Christ, when he was about to leave this world, commanded the Apostles that they should go and teach all nations, baptizing them, and teaching them to observe all things whatsoever He had commanded them. In order that they might [illegible] the Holy Ghost should be present to them, and should dwell in them. *The Spirit of Truth, He shall testify of me, and shall bring all things to your remembrance whatever I have said unto you.*

Christ fulfilled his promise. And when the blessed Apostles had been filled with the Holy Ghost, they preached everywhere on the house-top that which they had heard in the ear; the Lord working with them, and confirming His word with signs following.

"We have then for the authors of our faith the Apostles of the Lord, who did not select that which they should introduce into it, according to their own fancy; but faithfully transmitted to the nations the discipline which they had received from Christ." (Tertull. de Prescriptions, 6.) Now this sum of the doctrine of Christ, transmitted by the Apostles to each church as it was founded, is to be guarded by it, and until the last day to be successfully handed on from hand to hand, this is the Catholic faith; this is that deposit of our faith of which the Apostle writes to Timothy: *O, Timothy, keep the deposit, avoiding profane and vain babblings and oppositions of science falsely so called, which some professing have erred concerning the faith.*

This deposit, then, of the faith is transmitted by the Apostles of Jesus Christ to all Timothies, that is, to all who fear God, to be in such wise kept, that they might add nothing, might take away nothing, might change nothing, might mingle nothing that was alien, and that they might not allow anything by any person to be added, taken away, or mingled. What more? They who were the authors of all religion have forbidden us, masters as well as disciples, pastors as well as faithful, to receive anything so added, diminished, changed, or confused; and they have commanded us, that if any man in any way should teach otherwise than according to that which they had transmitted from the beginning, we should anathematize him. *But though we or an angel from Heaven preach any other Gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be anathema. As we said before, so say I now again. If any man preach any other Gospel unto you than that ye have received, let him be anathema.* It was on this account that a great man, or rather all the successors of the Apostles, the Fathers of the Church, speaking by the mouth of one of themselves, have laid down this law for us: "To teach, therefore, anything to Catholic Christians besides that which they have received, never is lawful, never has been lawful, never will be lawful; and to anathematize those who do teach anything besides that which has been once for all received, was always a duty, is always a duty, will be always a duty." If any man shall teach a new dogma, let him be anathema. (Vincent. Lirin. Common. 1.)

The case standing thus, Most Holy Father, who will not wonder that a new dogma is announced to Catholic Christians? that a new dogma is now being forged at Rome? Is there not a widely spread report that the world is threatened with a decree from your Blessedness, by which we are commanded to believe that the conception of the Blessed Virgin was Immaculate? But this is precisely that thing which the Apostle calls a profane novelty of words and science falsely so named; this is precisely to preach to us another gospel besides that which has been preached to us by Paul.

"For that Apostle, who had seen the mysteries of heaven, never preached to us that the blessed Virgin was immaculate in her conception. He made not one single exception, and, therefore, included the blessed Virgin, as well as all others, when he said:—'*For when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly, for scarcely for a righteous man would one die; yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die.*' She was not, therefore, good; she was not, therefore, righteous—the blessed Virgin for whom Christ died. '*By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin, and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned*—ALL; therefore, also the blessed Virgin. The love of Christ constraineth us, because we thus judge; that if one died for us all, then were all dead.'

The ancient Fathers of the Church, successors of the chair of the Apostles, legitimate interpreters of Scripture, themselves in their several times the witnesses, guardians, and oracles of the tradition and faith of the Church have taught us that our Lord Jesus alone was without original sin, because He alone was conceived without the seed of man; but that Mary. His blessed mother, had a body of sin, that is, was conceived in sin like all others. "He, therefore, was alone born without sin, whom, without the embrace of man, the Virgin conceived, not by the concupiscence of the flesh, but by the obedience of the mind. She only could prepare the medicine for our disease, who produced an offspring without the wound of sin. (Augustin. de pecat. meritis, ii. 19. 57.)

Here is the privilege of the Son, here is the privilege of the mother, He only was conceived without sin; she only conceived without sin.

"He, therefore, alone, who, being made a man, remained God, never had any sin, nor assumed a flesh of sin, although coming from a maternal flesh of skin." (Augustin. de peccat. meritis. ii. 24, 38.) All, therefore, are dead in sins, without one single exception; sins, whether original or committed voluntarily, either by ignorance, or by knowing and not doing that which was righteous; and for all that were dead, One that liveth died, He who had no sin whatever; to the end that they who live by the remission of their sins, might henceforth not live to themselves, but to Him that died for all."

The rest of the Fathers unanimously teach the same doctrine.

This, then, Most Holy Father, is the faith which we have received from the beginning. As yet, to-day, 1854 years after Paul, it is not an Article of Faith that the blessed Virgin was free from original sin. If, therefore, this becomes an Article to-morrow, it will be a new Article.

Together with the present letter, we send to your Holiness a volume in which we have demonstrated at length that which is here stated in brief. That treatise exactly defines the period up to which it was yet unheard of that the Blessed Virgin was without original sin. The doctor who first openly professed this opinion is here named; and from the progress of that opinion it is historically shown that the doctrine is a new invention in the Church. We beseech you, Holy Father, seriously to meditate the value of these arguments; your Holiness ought to beware of the unhappy results which must be occasioned by an attempt to force a new dogma on Christendom. We cannot disobey the precepts of the Apostles. To acquiesce in new dogmas of faith is unlawful.

"Most willingly, Holy Father, we confess that the Bishop of the first See has the primacy of the whole Church; we affirm that the Roman Pontiff is the legitimate successor of St. Peter, and that the authority of the former is as extensive as that of the latter. But we cannot forget that a time may come when it shall be necessary for Paul to resist Peter to the face, if it should so happen that he is to be blamed in not walking according to the truth of the gospel. You, Holy Father, are Peter, we, that is, the body of Christian people are Paul. If, therefore, you imitate Peter, in not walking according to the evangelical truth, it must be our part to imitate Paul, and resist you to the face. And what can be more opposed to walking according to the truth than the announcement of new dogmas?

* * * "May the Lord enlighten the eyes of your understanding, (Ephes. i. 17, 18,) that you may see the snares of the devil prepared against your soul and the peace of the Church by the mouth of flatterers. We know it, we know it. Flattery does not cease to allure you. It asserts that you will acquire great glory in the sight of man, and will confirm the domination of the Bishop of Rome over the universal Church, if, by a decree of faith, binding on all Christians, you terminate a question which none of your predecessors, nor any Synod has dared thus to define. These are the wiles of the serpent, for should it happen to your Blessedness to command the reception of such a dogma, you will acquire for yourself, not glory, but ignomy; for the Bishop of Rome not domination but derision. It will be another and a new argument, after so many proofs from history, that the Bishop of Rome is, like all other men, a weak man, prone to sin, obnoxious to error; and that it may happen that he may become a prevaricator in his holy office, and be deceived, and endeavor to deceive.

"Hear us, rather, well-beloved Father, us who seek the true glory of your Holiness, not by adulation, but by the love of truth, of charity, and of peace.

"God long preserve you in health and holiness, through the Grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.

"For myself, and for many other priests and laymen who agree with me,

"THE ABBE LABORDE, (of Lectour.)

"August 13, 1854."

A ROBBER'S CAVE.—The Court of Assize at Munich, was lately occupied with the trial of a band of robbers who had for some time back been committing a great number of robberies and several murders. What distinguished those men was that they lived altogether in the Gil Blas style. They inhabited a vast cavern in the Schilbinger Forest, the entrance to which was concealed by large trunks of trees. Two and twenty steep steps led to the chambers below, five in number, two of which were twenty feet long by nine wide. In the kitchen was placed a vast fire-place, the chimney of which issued in the midst of a thick clump of trees, and through precaution, fire was only lighted there by night. The robbers had also their stables and store-houses all under ground, and at the end of a long corridor there was even found a sort of slaughter-house, where they killed the animals which they required for food. The Court condemned five of the accused to death, and the others, either to imprisonment with hard labor, or to simple imprisonment.

FATAL CASUALTY ON THE SCHUYLKILL.—On Saturday last, while a large number of persons were amusing themselves in skating on the Schuylkill, above Girard Avenue Bridge, Mr. Samuel A. Shinn, druggist, and Miss Eliza Russell, whom he was pushing before him in a chair on runners, were suddenly precipitated into an air-hole, and both drowned before those who witnessed the casualty could afford any assistance. The corpse of Miss Russell was picked up while floating in the water, and efforts were made to resuscitate her, but in vain. That of Mr. Shinn was not found till three quarters of an hour after the accident, when it was taken up from the bottom of the river by a boat-hook.

SATURDAY
EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1855.

Congressional News

THIRTY-THIRD CONGRESS.
SECOND SESSION.

SENATE.

On the 29th ult. the Senate went into the consideration of the French Spoliation Bill, refusing to agree to the amendments of the House without an examination thereof.

Subsequently the Army Appropriation Bill was again taken up.

Mr. Hunter offered an amendment as a substitute for the reported bill, providing for two regiments of cavalry and five hundred volunteers—the latter to act as rangers, scouts and guides—for twelve months. The appropriation contemplated by this substitute, is about two millions.

Mr. Shields proposed an amendment providing for two regiments of infantry and two of cavalry.

After some further discussion the Senate adjourned.

On the 30th, there was some desultory discussion relative to the Collins line of steamers, and subjects connected with the Army Appropriation Bill, but no definite action thereon.

On the 31st, a somewhat personal debate occurred between Mr. Clayton and Mr. Dawson, during the consideration of the French Spoliation Claims, and another between Messrs. Dodge, Mallory, and Houston, concerning the amount of information possessed by the last-mentioned gentleman on the subject of Indian affairs, of which he had boasted he knew more than any other gentleman except Mr. Cass.

On the 1st inst., after the presentation of various petitions, the consideration of the Army Appropriation Bill was resumed. The sum of two and a-half millions was inserted in the bill to meet the expense of the proposed increase of the army.

Shortly after the Senate adjourned.

On the 2d, the Senate took up and passed the bill reported by Mr. Mallory, from the Committee on Naval Affairs. The bill proposes to place on a reserved list out of line of promotion, and upon leave of absence pay those Captains, Commanders, and Lieutenants, who are incapable of service. This reserved list pays the officers as follows:—Captains on leave, $1,[illegible]; Commanders, $1,[illegible]; Lieutenants, $750; Passed Midshipmen, $[illegible]. On sea service, at Navy Yards, or other duty, Captains, $[illegible]; Commanders, $1,[illegible]; Lieutenants, $1,[illegible]; Passed Midshipmen, $[illegible].

After some discussion of private claims the Senate adjourned.

The Senate was not in session on the 3rd inst.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 29th ult., Mr. Taylor, of Tennessee, introduced a bill establishing a uniform rule of naturalization, repealing certain acts heretofore passed on that subject, and for other purposes. Referred to the Committee on the Judiciary.

No other business of importance was transacted.

On the 30th, the House went into Committee of the Whole on territorial business.

The Senate bill authorizing the construction of a subterranean line of telegraph from the Mississippi or the Missouri River to the Pacific Ocean, was taken up. It proposes to give Hiram O. Alden and James Eddy the right of way through the territories, and two millions of acres of land, to construct the line, which they are to work and keep in good order at their own expense—to be completed in two years, and the Government to have the right to transmit free, not exceeding eight thousand words monthly, and reserving to the Government the prior use of the telegraph to any extent, at such rates of compensation for messages transmitted as Congress may prescribe. The tolls in no case to exceed ten dollars for ten words or less, and seventy-five cents for each additional word.

One of the customary Congressional rows occurred during the discussion of the bill, between Mr. Farley and Mr. Lane, these two "gentlemen" bestowing upon each other, reciprocally, the epithets "liar," "damned liar," etc.

Mr. Benton ridiculed the idea of such a line of telegraph. He said: The Digger Indians have long, slender sticks, with a hook at the end; the object is to pursue lizards running into their holes, and bringing them out with the hook. Put down your fifteen hundred or two thousand miles of telegraph wire, and they'll dig up and cut every inch, and make of it hooks to pull out lizards with. [Laughter.]

On the 31st, the consideration of the bill authorizing the construction of a subterranean line of telegraph from the Mississippi or Missouri River to the Pacific Ocean was resumed. Nothing, however, occurred during its discussion but some personalities between Messrs. Benton and Richardson. The bill was then laid aside for future action, and the House adjourned.

On the 1st inst., the House resumed the consideration of the bill authorizing the construction of a subterranean line of telegraph from the Mississippi or Missouri River to the Pacific Ocean, which was passed, yeas 110, nays 79. The bill merely grants the right of way.

The bill establishing the office of Surveyor-General in Utah, and granting lands to actual settlers therein, was then taken up, whereupon much disorderly discussion ensued regarding the prevalence of polygamy in that territory.

On the 2nd, the House was occupied with private bills, exclusively.

On the 3rd, the House, after passing numerous private bills, took up that for extending the Colt patent. Mr. Pratt went into a defence of Mr. Colt and those members who were friendly to the gentleman against the charges of bribery, which defence, according to the telegraphic reports, was repeatedly greeted by shouts of laughter, indicating a lamentable incredulity on the part of many other gentlemen.

Pending the discussion the House adjourned.

General News.

EUROPEAN NEWS.

There is no foreign news of great importance. The last was by the Africa.

The loss of the Russians, in the neighborhood of Sebastopol, during the last days of December, are estimated at more than 6,000.

The London *Times* publishes a letter from Scutari, dated Jan. 7th, stating that the mortality of the hospital was on the increase. The deaths from January 4th to January 7th, inclusive, was 177. The number in the hospital on the 7th, was 4,332 non-commissioned officers and privates. The atmosphere of the hospital had become so pestiferous that arrangements for transferring the convalescent to Malta or England were deemed necessary.

The ship White Falcon, of New York, had been chartered by the French Government, to convey provisions to the Crimea.

The London *Times*, in a leading article, draws the most deplorable picture of the state of the army in the Crimea. It says that at the beginning of January, it could not muster but 14,000 bayonets, and the artillery and engineers had been reduced in the same proportion. As to the cavalry, it no longer existed.

The deaths amounted to 60 per day, and the number disabled by fatigue and sickness to 1,000 per week. This ratio the *Times* thinks, will rapidly increase. It also computes that out of 14,000 nominally fit for service, only 5,000 are in good health, and that the army was actually an army of invalids at the beginning of the month, although the severity of the Crimea winter had not set in.

The *Times* comes to the conclusion that unless some extraordinary stroke of fortune intervenes, the English people are about to lose their only army, the object of so much pride, so much affection, so much tender solicitude, and asks if the nation was prepared for this disaster.

Letters from Odessa, to the 6th, state that a hard frost, equal to ten degrees below the freezing point, had brought the roads into fit state for the conveyance of troops and munitions of war to Perekop.

The Emperor of Austria has abolished the punishment of death in the Austrian army.

Private advices from St. Petersburg reach to the 11th inst. They describe a great alteration in the political atmosphere, the tone of feeling being perfectly pacific. A large business had been transacted in tallow.

Sir John Bowring had returned from the North of China, without reaching Pekin. He and the other Plenipotentiaries were stopped by the Commissioners from the Imperial Court, who proposed to meet them at Shanghai, in November, to discuss a revision of the treaty.

LABORERS EMPLOYED.—The Commissioners of Emigration are relieved from the great pressure of eager applicants for labor, with whom their office has, till recently, been thronged. All able-bodied men have been set to work on the Erie Canal Enlargement, where there is still a demand for all the laborers that can be furnished. Not less than two hundred and forty were sent off yesterday.

Among the applicants for "assistance" were a considerable number of stout, hardy Germans. They were at once offered employment on the canal, with the understanding that their families should be provided for until they were able to receive and take care of them, themselves. They declined this proposition, preferring that the Commissioners should provide for their wants in the city; and toward night the party, numbering about fifty, applied for lodgings. This game, however, did not operate, and they were left to shift for themselves, as best they could, until ready to go to work.

About four hundred able-bodied men on Ward's Island, who have been living at the expense of the Commissioners, have now been set to work, wheeling dirt. It is expected that their numbers will speedily diminish.—*N. Y. Jour. of Commerce.*

JURY RESOLUTION.—The Milwaukie Jury which recently brought in Mr. S. M. Booth guilty of aiding in the escape of a fugitive slave in Wisconsin, adopted the following resolution:—

"*Resolved*, That while we feel ourselves bound by a solemn oath to perform a most painful duty, in declaring the defendant guilty of the above charge, and thus making him liable to the penalties of a most cruel and odious law, yet, at the same time, in so doing, we declare that he performed a *most noble, benevolent, and humane act*, and we thus record our condemnation of the Fugitive Slave Law, and earnestly commend him to the clemency of the Court."

Booth's friends at Washington and other places, are raising his fine, $1,000, by contributions of one dollar each.

NEW FEATURE IN TRADE.—A North Carolina merchant, who was largely indebted to a mercantile firm of which he had purchased heavily, failed on the 8th ult., and made an assignment of all his property, *excluding all Northern creditors.* This information is furnished by his legal adviser to a New York house. The name of the individual is not given, but the initials are S. D. L. His motive may be called of a "*sectional*" character.

CALIFORNIA.—From California there are accounts of robberies, murders, and Lynchings, which indicate anything but a desirable state of morals.

NEWS ITEMS.

LATEST FROM UTAH.—The latest dates from Salt Lake and the Plains, January 12th, state that Mr. Babbit, the present acting Governor of Utah, is very unpopular with the Mormons, from a belief, whether well founded or not, that he has abjured the religion of the Latter-Day Saints. They had grown tired of him as Governor, and anxiously awaited his removal. All the men belonging to the Mormon Church, who are able to bear arms, are constantly drilled, and at short notice several thousand could be collected together. Col. Steptoe and command are occupying quarters in a central part of Salt Lake City.

PROMPT ACTION.—A letter from the Sardinian Minister, at Washington, D. C., addressed to the captain of the Sardinian frigate, which is daily expected to arrive at New York with convicts, has been forwarded to Collector Redfield of that port, with instructions to have it (the letter) put on board the frigate by a revenue-cutter *before* she enters the harbor. The letter is said to contain directions to the captain *not* to land any persons who may be convicts.

MILD SEASON IN CALIFORNIA.—December strawberries of delicious flavor, are chronicled by the California papers. They are grown in Alameda county.

NEEDLESS SYMPATHY.—The Holyoke (Mass.) Mirror, says:—A fine trick was played upon our citizens the other evening, by a lad who had been skating upon the canal. Some one saw him break through the ice, and instantly ran for help. In the meantime the youngster extricated himself and ran home—but fearing a flogging, he crept to bed. The people rallied, and searched for him in the canal a long time, and prayers in some of the religious meetings of the evening were offered for the bereaved family.

BUOYANT AND BALL PROOF.—A Mr. Clarkson has exhibited at the Underwriters' Rooms, Liverpool, a new material which he has invented, consisting of a combination of cork and wood, which he states, possesses many advantages over wood and iron, pure and simple, being lighter, stronger, and more elastic. His invention, he says, will be most useful in warfare, as he can construct boats that cannot be swamped; and with portable sides, easily moved and carried, which might protect boat's crews, and which cannot be penetrated by Minie balls fired at a distance of twenty yards, pieces of strong wood far thicker being broken in pieces when subjected to similar trial.

THE BAINBRIDGE.—Lieut. James H. Rowan has been ordered to the command of the United States brig Bainbridge, vice Lieut. Charles G. Hunter, dismissed.

AN EXPANDING BALL.—It is said that an Englishman, named Palmer, has invented a ball for guns and cannon, which will expand to six times its original diameter, after its discharge, and cut, wound, and lacerate, to *kill*. The velocity of the ball is not perceptibly affected by the expansion.

BELGIAN EMIGRATION.—In 1854, 24,430 emigrants left Antwerp for the United States; they came to our shores on board ninety-five ships.

"COUTTS" AT A DISCOUNT.—The Boston (Mass.) Post, says, Miss Coutts, alias Miss Gyles, doesn't attract much attention there. She is disappointed.

MEN OF TASTE.—When General Whitfield, Indian Agent, visited the Cheyennes and a few other wild tribes of Indians, to pay their annuities, this fall, they informed him that the next year he must bring them one thousand white squaws, and the balance they would take in money. They prefer a white squaw to a blanket. Sensible fellows!

AN ENGLISHMAN'S "PLATFORM."—Sir Chas. Napier is a candidate for Parliament in the borough of Marylebone. His programme, forwarded per telegraph, is—"War to the knife with Russia—extensive reform—vote by ballot—shorter parliaments—and general education."

MANCHESTER, N. H., Jan. 30.—The Know Nothing Convention, to-day, nominated Ralph Metcalf, of Newport, for Governor, in the place of Wm. Moore, the former nominee, who was ineligible, in consequence of non-residence in the State.

SELLING LIQUOR TO AN INEBRIATE.—Wm. Leckey, found guilty, at Pittsburg, Pa., of selling liquor to an inebriate, has been sentenced to pay a fine of $50, the costs of prosecution, and undergo an imprisonment of 59 days in the county jail. The highest punishment the law demands is sixty days—the Court gave Leckey credit for one day to balance one night he spent in prison.

THE BLACK SWAN.—The concert of the Black Swan, at the Sansom Street Hall, Philadelphia, was largely attended. The pieces selected for the occasion were well received, Miss Greenfield being encored several times. She gave a concert at Trenton, on Tuesday week.

SPLENDID SALT MINE IN LOWER CALIFORNIA.—The schooner Falmouth, Capt. Bowden, arrived at San Francisco from Margarita Bay, will a full cargo of salt, obtained from a mine near that Bay. The salt is in large and clear crystals, and appears to be pure. The taste is excellent.

RAILROAD OVER THE ALPS.—On the line of railroad now building from Konigsberg to the Lake of Constance over the Alps, there are thirteen tunnels and twenty-five viaducts. Thirteen thousand horses are continually employed upon it.

FRIGHTFUL MORTALITY.—Of seven thousand children who are every year brought into the celebrated foundling hospital in Paris, less than two hundred are alive at the end of ten years.

THE AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY.—It is stated that the disasters of the times fall heavily on the American Bible Society—200 hands, one half of the entire working force, having been recently discharged from the Bible House on Astor Place in New York, and nearly one-half of the presses stopped.

NO SCARCITY OF VAGABONDS.—An advertisement in the Boston Daily Mail lately, for a young man to work in a store, was answered by eighteen applicants. But one for a "gentleman" to travel and play on the banjo, met with four hundred and nine respondents!

STRAW REBELLION.—A petty insurrection recently broke out among the peasants of Dreux, in France, on account of an edict that had been issued, ordering them to remove the straw thatch from the roofs of their houses, and cover the buildings with some less combustible material.

HANDSOME TESTIMONIAL.—Miss Catharine Hayes, who was still in Australia in October, having giving a concert at Sydney for the benefit of the Destitute Children's Asylum, the citizens held a meeting and resolved to present her with a nugget of New South Wales gold, valued at £200, with the request to allow them to manufacture it into a suitable and enduring memorial.

ENGLISH MARRIAGE STATISTICS.—In England, it seems that the *twenty-sixth* year is the mean age at which men marry, and the *twenty-fifth* that at which women marry. The average age of the wife is about 40½ years, of the husband 43 years; or the husband in Great Britain, on the average, is 2½ years older than the wife.

ROMAN CATHOLIC STATISTICS.—The Catholic Almanac for 1855, gives the following statistics of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States: There are 7 Archbishops, 33 Bishops, 2 Vicars Apostolic, 1,701 Priests, and 1,824 Churches, showing the increase of the past year to have been 2 Bishops, 129 Priests, and 112 Churches. There are also 698 missionary stations, 28 Colleges, 117 Female Academies, and 37 Theological Seminaries, which (including those who are studying abroad) are training up to the priesthood nearly 700 young men.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.—A paper states that Dr. Griseler, a French gentleman, has discovered that by adding a few drops of nitric ether to the most rancid oils, all the disagreeable smell is removed, and that by afterwards warming the oil, to separate the spirit from it, it becomes as clear and as limpid as though it had never been otherwise than sweet. He says that a few drops of ether in a bottle of oil will prevent it from ever becoming rancid.

CHOLERA VICTIMS.—Among the victims to cholera at Athens was Aristotle Black, the last remaining son of the "Maid of Athens," an excellent young man, about 18 years of age. Among the earlier victims was Mad. Bozzaris, widow of Marco Bozzaris.

MICHIGAN.—The House has passed a stringent Prohibitory Liquor Law by a vote of 51 to 21.

THE IRON INTEREST.—The Pittsburg American says that a meeting of Iron masters has been called by the Eastern Furnace owners, the object of which is to take into consideration the state of the iron trade, with a view to the adoption of some remarkable measure.

The Mayor of New York is operating against the fortune tellers, astrologers, and other impostors of the same character in that city.

AN EXTENSIVE SNOW DRIFT.—The snow between Chicago and St. Louis, at one point, for eighteen miles in extent, lies eight feet deep. The locomotives stuck fast in it, and passengers who left St. Louis on the 21st, did not reach Chicago till the 3d inst., being nine days on the route. The passengers on the Galena road remained all night in the cars, and in the morning took sleighs for their destination. The snow-storm is said to be the greatest ever experienced in the north-west.

CHOATE'S LAST.—As Rufus Choate was cross questioning a witness the other day, in one of the Boston Courts, he asked him what profession he followed for a livelihood? The witness replied, "I am a candle of the Lord—a minister of the Gospel." "Of what denomination?" asked the counsellor. "A Baptist," replied the witness. "Then," said Mr. Choate, "you are a dip, but I trust not a wick-ed candle."

KANSAS ELECTION.—We learn from a private source, that the election of members of the Kansas Legislature, will take place upon the 23rd of March.—*Boston Atlas.*

THE ARTESIAN WELL.—The progress of the artesian well at Charleston, S. C., is most satisfactory. We were informed this morning, by Mr. Welton, that a depth has been attained of 1,225 feet, having penetrated another layer of rock. The water is gushing out at the rate of 25 to 30 gallons a minute, and has greatly improved in quality.

MAURY'S OCEAN CHARTS.—It was stated that Lieut. Maury's system of maps or charts for the navigation of the Atlantic by steam, would be published by the 1st of February. They are designed to prevent steamers navigating the Atlantic coming in collision, and were prepared at the request of the Boston underwriters.

WRECK PASSED AT SEA.—Captain Mead of the schooner Grand Island, at New York, from Porto Rico, reports that on the 18th ult., in latitude 31 deg. 56 min., longitude 75 deg., passed the wreck of a large vessel under jury masts. She appeared to be waterlogged and abandoned. On one of her masts a square sail was set.

The grape vines have suffered as much within a year or two past as the potatoes of Ireland did a few years ago; but a commission which has examined the subject, has reported that the vines look in better condition now than at the same period in 1852 and 1853; and that the malady which has afflicted them appears to have entered on its decline. Various remedies have been suggested to cure the disease, but the commission, after due examination, has pronounced them all unsatisfactory.

William H. Goodwin, Know Nothing, has been elected to the New York State Senate, from the twenty-sixth District, over Loomis, the Seward coalition candidate. The Rev. Mr. Goodwin takes the seat vacated by Governor Clark. Compared with last November, the gain is over three thousand for the Know Nothings.

EXECUTIVE DECISION.—We cut the following from the Richmond (Va.) Daily Despatch:—A Boatswain of the Navy died at sea, and the surgeon of the ship testified that he was poisoned by eating fresh dolphin, which is known to be, in certain localities, or when in certain conditions, very poisonous. The widow applied for a pension, and the Secretary of the Navy held that if fresh dolphin be a part of the regular ration of the navy, then, and in that even, said Boatswain did die of a disease contracted while in the line of his duty, but if not, his widow has no claim.

Agriculture as a study has been introduced into the public schools of New Hampshire, and books treating of the elements of that science have been ordered to be supplied to pupils.

The Jersey City Telegraph, says there is no doubt that Robert Schuyler is—and has been ever since he absconded—in the town of Bergen, Passaic county, N. J.

The Albany (N. Y.) Knickerbocker states the following:—The husbands in St. Louis, Mo., are models. The St. Louis papers complain that married men sit in church with their arms most tenderly around their wives, and suggest that "it distracts the attention of the lookers on from the preacher." Fare to St. Louis, $18. State Line Railroad in excellent order. Put on your bonnets girls.

The new law requiring steamboat to blow their whistles instead of ringing their bells, is pronounced by Western steamboat men to be a humbug. They are petitioning for its repeal.

There is a description of auction sales in London called "Sales by Inch of Candle," (at which the auctioneer lights an inch wax taper, and the last bid before the flame expires, takes the lot.) They include hides and leather, wines and spirits, tallow and timber, drugs and groceries, foreign fruits and preserves.

Hartford was a tolerably healthy city until the Liquor Law enacted in Connecticut. Since that law went into operation, spirits to the value of 11,000 dollars have been sold there for medicinal purposes, within four months.

A negro witness in Detroit, stated that he had been blessed with five wives and forty-eight children, of whom twenty-eight still live, all boys but one.

LARGE LAND CLAIM.—It is stated in the New York Post, that Mr. Mason, the Commissioner of Patents, and others, are interested in a case now before the United States Supreme Court, involving the title to a tract of land containing 120,000 acres, in Iowa. Their ownership has been upheld in all the Courts of that State, and it is expected that the question, which has been a subject of litigation for twenty years, will be settled in their favor in a few days.

General Henry Wilson, K. N. and Free Soiler, has been elected U. S. Senator from Massachusetts.

An individual was brought before the Police Court in Cincinnati, recently, charged with assault and battery. He frankly admitted that he had struck his antagonist, but said in extenuation, that the man had called him a liar, "and," continued he, "may it please the Court, I was born in Livingston, in the State of New York; there, when a man says you're a liar, you call him a liar back, and there's an end of it; but, your Honor, I have lived for fifteen years on the Wabash, and there when a man calls you a liar, you knock him down at once—*I only obeyed my Wabash instructions.*" Fined one dollar and costs.

Emigration to California has fallen off largely, in consequence of the expense of reaching that State, and the fact that there is less chance of speedy prosperity on small means there, than in any other part of the Union. During the year 1854, the whole number of persons arriving at San Francisco by sea, was but 47,730, and the departures by the same route 24,477, showing a net gain of only 23,253. Of this gain, but 10,138 was composed of Americans, while the remainder, 12,565, was Chinese. The emigration to California by the overland route last season, did not exceed 25,000 persons. The unfriendly course pursued towards the Mexicans has caused large numbers of them to return to Mexico.

Catholic Church difficulties in the United States are getting frequent. In Chicago, four of the clergy at the Catholic College have been removed. The congregation of the church of the Holy Name in that city, have held a meeting, and protested against the removal of their clergyman, in whom they express the highest confidence. They have appointed a committee to appeal to Rome on the subject.

Miss Julia Dean, the actress, has not been married, as the telegraph stated, but is only engaged to be. Previous to her marriage, she will play farewell engagements in several of the Northern cities, and then will retire from the stage.

The ladies who mobbed a liquor seller's premises, and destroyed $200 worth of the "crathur," at Mt. Pleasant, Hamilton county, Ohio, have all been discharged. The Cincinnati *Commercial*, in noticing the investigation, says:—"The ladies were most of them young, and all pretty." No wonder they were discharged.

It is said that an intimate friend of Alvarado Hunter, intimates that the cashiered hero will shortly embark for St. Petersburg, to offer his services to the Czar of Russia, as a commander in his navy. He will go out with testimonials for gallantry and efficiency, from the highest officers of our navy.

A TRAIN FROZEN IN, ON THE PRAIRIES.—A dispatch from Chicago, (Ill.,) says: The train on the Chicago and Mississippi Railroad, with a large number of passengers, including several members of the Legislature, froze up in the prairie, on Friday, in nearly eight feet of snow. The passengers burned the cars, to keep them from freezing, and robbed the express car of a consignment of oysters, to preserve themselves from starvation.

THE COST OF SOUP.—From the 10th to the 17th ult., the soup house opened at Newark, N. J., by a few German citizens, for the relief of the poor of every nation, distributed 4,235 pints of soup, and 4,500 portions of bread, at a cost of $150 47, or about 3½ cents a meal.

SALARIES OF CLERGYMEN.—The *Christian Inquirer*, Unitarian paper, insists that in view of the low salaries allowed the clergy, they must either abstain from marriage, or divide their time between their parish and secular employments.

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.—This distinguished actress is now performing in England, where she meets with good success.

A BANKRUPT CITY.—The *Belfast* (Ireland) *Mercury* makes the strange announcement that the corporation of that city is a bankrupt, that it has, in fact, failed with a debt of 280,000 pounds, ($1,350,000.)

TIN MINE IN GEORGIA.—A mine of tin ore, which promises to be extensive and valuable, has been discovered in Paulding county, Georgia.

DEATH TO THE "VARMINTS."—J. R. Davenport, of San Antonio, Texas, is making himself conspicuous as a panther killer. About the middle of November, he came suddenly upon a panther, couched in a low tree, ready for a spring, and as he was without a gun, it became necessary to attack the varmint with a bowie-knife. Rushing up to the tree, he stabbed the animal in a fatal spot, before it had time to spring. The next day he killed another while out hunting alone.

HEREDITARY MONOMANIA.—Henry Case, a lad 14 or 15 years old, is in confinement at Haverhill, Mass., for setting fire to the Almshouse, and also for firing two barns, which acts he acknowledged to have committed, but gave no reason therefor, other than that he liked to see a fire. His mother, some 25 years ago, fired a barn, and has been an inmate of our almshouse ever since in a monomaniac state. His father, who is also in the almshouse, is said to be an idiot, and this boy was begotten and raised in the house.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—The New York *Mirror* says:—D. Munn, who commenced an action against the Directors of the Exhibition of the Industry of All Nations, last Spring, to prevent the payment, by the Association, of debts illegally contracted, has commenced a suit against P. T. Barnum. Barnum, just about that time, undertook to "revive the dead," and to silence Mr. Munn, agreed to take 223 shares of the Crystal Palace Stock, held by Munn, at their market price, which was $1 per share. Barnum never purchased the stock, hence this suit, which has not yet been decided.

A large cargo of Indians, captured in the Peninsula of Yucatan, by Santa Anna's directions, have been landed in Havana, to be sold as slaves. At the very urgent remonstrance of the British Consul, Gen. Concha is about to inquire into the legality of the transaction. Santa Anna has already received $20,000 for his share of the business.

MAGNESIA IN KANSAS.—The *Kansas Herald of Freedom* alludes to a singular fact in the geographical formation of that Territory, as follows:—The chalk formation of which we took occasion to speak last week, proves to be a stratum of magnesia, which probably underlies this whole country, at the depth of twenty to fifty feet.

THE COST OF WAR.—The leading English journals complain bitterly of the cost of the war. The London *Times* gives the total expenses for twelve months, at eighty millions of dollars. For the present year, the expenditures will be still greater, unless peace shall be declared. The calculation is that at least one hundred millions will be necessary, and with the best view of the subject, at least fifty millions of dollars must be raised annually, as long as the war may last, either by an appeal to the money market, or by doubling the rates upon the tax payers. This taxing of the industrious to support those who are wasting their energies in war is a very serious business to a nation.

SLAVES IN KANSAS.—The *Kansas Herald* says that there are but very few slaves in the Territory south of Kansas River; there are probably none, save those in the possession of the Indians, or the Methodist Mission. North of the river there are said to be very few in the region of Fort Leavenworth, mostly owned by Government officials.

After a "judicial inquisition," solemnly held at Rome, Cardinal Patrizi, the Pope's Vicar General and Judge in Ordinary District, has published the following:—"We have decreed, and we do now decree, that the moving of the eyes of the image of Jesus, in the Church of St. Mary, in Monticelli, is true, and has been proved, and that it is to be reckoned among the prodigies of Almighty God, whose works are above the order of nature."

JUSTICE TO AMERICAN ENTERPRISE.—A new Map of the Arctic Regions has been published by the British Admiralty, in which the names affixed to various localities by the American Expedition sent out by Henry Grinnell, Esq., have been adopted; and in particular, Grinnell's Land, discovered by said expedition, is entered conspicuously on the map, it having been on a previous map of the Admiralty called Prince Albert's Land. This act of justice to the exertions of our countrymen, has been for some time strongly urged by the Rev. Dr. Scoresby, and other illustrious Arctic navigators.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR BEET ROOT.—A plant called *Sorgho* or *Holcus Saccharatus*—which has from time immemorial been used in the North of China for making sugar—was, in 1851, introduced into France by M. De Montigny, French Consul to China, and cultivated with much success in Provence. The Agricultural Committee of Toulon have lately made a full report to the Minister of War, wherein they state that it possesses the necessary properties for producing a chrystalizable syrup, containing more of the saccharine principle than any known plant, except the vine.

A bill was lately handed to the authorities of San Francisco, for payment for refreshments furnished to the Grand Jury of that city, while pursuing their investigations, which contained the following items:—"One dozen cherry wine, three thousand five hundred cigars, one dozen Martel's brandy, four gallons do., five baskets Heidsick, one bottle of bitters, two tins of crackers, and one hundred and twenty-three dollar's worth of cherry wine." This would give to each of the twenty-three jurors, two and a half bottles of cherry, 150 cigars, 2½ bottles of champagne, and 1½ quarts of brandy.

There has been at Menasha, and is now at Oshkosh, a floating pottery, with a lathe turned by bears. They are contented looking animals, and we are told do not seem to dislike the occupation. This is indeed making the wild beasts subservient to man's purposes.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 30.—The *Star* says that the British Minister has sent orders to the squadron in the Caribbean Sea, not to allow Col. Kinney's expedition to land in any portion of Central America.

SPONGE AND SALT TRADE AT KEY WEST, FLA.—The sponge fisheries at Key West, Fla., are becoming very important. The demand at the present moment is not so great as usual, owing, doubtless, to the scarcity of money at the North, yet the fishermen have realized the past year from $20,000 to $30,000 for that collected among the Florida reefs and inlets. The salt crop of the last season amounted to near 70,000 bushels, all of which is disposed of except 3,000 to 4,000 bushels retained by the proprietor for fishermen, and to give ballast to vessels when they need it. The price through the season has been 25 to 30 cents per bushel, delivered alongside vessels, in bulk. It is, however, usually delivered to vessels in gunny bags, the purchaser of the salt paying extra for the bags, and for putting up.

RUSSIAN AND FRENCH SOLDIERS.—A lively writer from Paris draws a parallel between the soldiers of the different nations now fighting in the Crimea, and first says of the Russians:

"The valor displayed by the Russians in the night attacks on the Allies has never been surpassed by the soldiers of any nation or people whatever. The Russian soldier lacks strategy and quickness of movement, but he possesses a courage almost without parallel, a remarkable strength of body, and great resistance to the exhausting effects of wounds. It has been a common remark, from the day of Napoleon to the present moment, that the Russian soldiers are the most difficult soldiers in the world to put *hors du combat*. Marshal Ney said: 'It will not suffice to shoot a Russian soldier; he must be pushed over.' Remarkable instances of this power of resistance to the loss of blood and to the first impressions of a wound have been exhibited since the commencement of the campaign in the Crimea, and it is no doubt due to the rude life to which the Russian soldier is subjected, not only as a soldier, but as a peasant."

Next he says of the Frenchman:

"While eating is no part of a soldier's life in the Russian camp, in the French camp it is quite the contrary. A Frenchman must have his breakfast before he fights, and he will cook and eat it in the midst of bursting bombs rather than miss it; for between the fear of losing his breakfast and his life there is about an even balance. On the morning of the battle of Inkermann 7,500 Englishmen were compelled to stand the shock of 45,000 Russians for three hours, before the French division arrived, the latter having stopped to eat their breakfast before starting to the aid of their suffering allies. They fought beautifully, as they always do, when they did arrive, but in the meantime there had been a fearful slaughter of Englishmen, which otherwise might have been saved. This is one of the facts which do not appear in print, for the good of the alliance, but it is nevertheless true."

THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE IN DEFENCE OF CUBA.—A letter on the Lopez invasion of Cuba, written by the Duke de Valencia to the then President of the French Republic, and the answer of Louis Napoleon, appear now in English, it is said, for the first time. The following is the answer of Louis Napoleon:

"*My Dear Duke*—Like you, I was disgusted when I heard of the criminal attempt of certain American adventurers to seize Cuba, and if I have not answered your letter very promptly, it was because I wished to send you the result of my Council's deliberations in the matter. It was decided, some days ago, by my Cabinet, to send three ships of war to Cuba, to oppose any force which might attempt an invasion of the island. The English Government has imitated our example, according to my advices, and now I hope that France, England and the United States, will unite to prevent the repetition of attempts which would entail the most serious difficulties between America and the States of Europe.

"My Government is ever disposed to feel for its allies a loyal and disinterested respect, and offer them an energetic support; but this, which is always a duty, is now a matter of sympathy, and I am instructed to convey to you its friendship and esteem for the Spanish Government. Receive yourself, my dear Duke, the assurance of my most distinguished respect and friendship. LOUIS NAPOLEON."

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 3, 1855.

REMARKS.—Business is becoming rather more active, and a number of merchants have already arrived, and commenced purchasing their Spring supplies. Bark is dull at our former quotations. Breadstuffs are firmer under the Africa's advices, and for Flour and Wheat a slight improvement has been realized. Supplies of all descriptions come in very slowly, and the stocks of Flour, Wheat and Grain are exceedingly small. Cotton has been in good demand at full rates, but the want of stock to operate in has materially restricted operations. Fish sell slowly from store at former rates. In Fruit no change. Hemp and Hides are very quiet. Hops are dull and prices are looking down. The Iron market continues depressed, and prices are about nominal for all descriptions. In Lumber there is but a small trade doing. Molasses meets a fair inquiry, without change in prices. Naval Stores are very quiet, and for Spirits of Turpentine rather lower rates have been accepted. Oils are steady. Provisions are coming in rather more freely, but the sales have been limited. Rice is in better demand, and prices are well maintained. In Salt nothing doing. Cloverseed has met a very limited inquiry, and prices have declined. Sugar is held firmly, but the demand has been limited. Tallow is in fair request at former rates. Tobacco is held firmly. Wool continues dull and prices are looking down.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The receipts of Flour continue small, and since the receipt of the Africa's advices, prices are rather firmer, but the demand for export has been quite limited. The sales for export only comprise 5,000 barrels mixed to good brands at $8,75a8,87½ per barrel, including some Baltimore City Mills at the former quotation; some Brandywine and better brands at $9; 1,000 bbls extra at $9,25a9,37½, and 500 bbls extra family at $10,25a10,37½. There is a steady demand for home consumption at $8,75a9 for common and select brands, and $9,25a9,50 for extra. Rye Flour is dull; small sales at $6, and 400 bbls something less. Corn Meal meets a very limited inquiry—Pennsylvania is dull and lower. 1,200 bbls Pennsylvania sold at $4,25 per bbl.

GRAIN.—The market is poorly supplied with Wheat, and the stock in the millers' hands being about exhausted, prices have advanced 1a2c per bushel. Sales of 5,000 bushels at $2,0[illegible]a2,14 for prime Southern and Pennsylvania red, and $2,17a2,20 for white. Rye is in good demand, and taken on arrival at $1,25. Corn has been in fair demand, but prices are lower; sales of 15,000 bushels yellow at 90a92 cts in store, and 91c, afloat. Oats are dull. Small sales of Southern at 5[illegible] per bushel, and 50½ cts for Pennsylvania.

PROVISIONS.—The supplies from the West have slightly increased, and there is but little stock here to operate in. Pork is held firmly, but the demand is limited. Small sales of new Western Mess at $11,50. The market is bare of Prime. Beef has an upward tendency. The only sales reported, however, are small lots for home consumption at $17,50 per bbl, cash. Bacon—The market continues very quiet, the only transactions reported being small lots at 10a13c for Hams, as in quality; 8c for Sides, and 7a7½ cts for Shoulders. Some lots of the latter were taken for the South. Dry Salted Meats are in fair request, and but little offering; sales of Hams at 8½a9c per lb. 50 casks Hams in pickle sold at 9½ cents, 60 days, and some Shoulders in salt at 6a6½c, cash and 60 days. Lard—The demand is limited, but prices are steadily maintained. Sales of tcs and bbls at 10c, and kegs at 11 cts per lb, on time. Sales in irregular pkgs at lower quotations.

AMERICAN FABRICS.—There has been rather more inquiry for Cotton and Woollen Goods, but prices remain without change.

BARK.—There is no inquiry for Quercitron Bark, and No 1 is nominally held at $40 per ton. There is no Tanners' Bark offering.

BEESWAX.—But little offering. Small sales of good yellow at 27a29c per lb, cash.

CANDLES.—Adamantine continue in fair demand, and further sales of 800 boxes have been made at 21a24c per lb, 4 mos. Sperm are held at 33a34c, but they are very little inquired after.

COAL.—There is no new feature to present in the market; the receipts are quite moderate, and there is a fair inquiry for home consumption at our last quotations. No sales of Bituminous Coal.

COFFEE.—There have been no arrivals this week.—The demand has been fair, but prices are lower. Sales of 4,500 bags Rio at 9½a10½c per lb, on time, and a small lot of prime Java at 13a14c, 4 mos.

COPPER.—The demand has been limited for both English Sheathing Copper and Yellow Metal at our last quotations.

COTTON.—The receipts continue small, and a considerable portion of them had been previously disposed of.—There is a good demand, and prices are well maintained. Sales of 1,000 bales, mostly Upland, at 9a11c, including some New Orleans at 10a11c per lb, on time.

DRUGS AND DYES.—There is but little doing.—Small sales of Soda Ash at 3¼c, 6 mos; Bal Soda 3 cents. Mexican Cochineal at $1,25 per lb, on time, and some Crude Brimstone at $30 per ton.

FEATHERS.—Continue dull, but there are not many offering. Small sales of good Western at 40a45c per lb, short time.

FISH.—There are few or no Mackerel arriving, and the demand is confined to small lots at $19,50 per bbl for large No 1; $18 for No 2, and $9,50 for No 3. Small Fish sell at proportionate rates. Prices of Codfish and Herring are unchanged.

FRUIT.—But little doing. The market has been very quiet, and the sales of foreign have been only in small lots at our former quotations. Dried Apples sell slowly at 5¼a6c per lb. Peaches meet a very limited inquiry. Small sales of unpared Western halves at $1,25a1,75 per bushel, as in quality. Cranberries sell at $9a10 per bbl. A lot of Pea Nuts sold at $1,17a1,25 per bushel.

GINSENG.—Is scarce, and no sales have transpired.

GUANO.—The sales have been only in small lots at our last quotations.

HEMP.—The market is very quiet, and no transactions have been reported.

HIDES.—Are firm, but no sales have transpired.

HOPS.—Meet a very limited inquiry, and prices are drooping. Small sales of Eastern at 33a36c, and Western at 35a37c per lb.

INDIGO.—Is held firmly. Sales of Bengal at $1,2[illegible] per lb, 6 mos, for fair quality.

IRON.—The market is excessively dull, and prices continue nearly nominal. There is some little inquiry for Pig Metal, deliverable on the opening of the navigation, but at prices considerably below the views of holders. Small sales of Forge from at $[illegible] per ton, 6 mos. In Scotch Pig nothing doing. Blooms range from $70 to $80 per ton, 6 mos, as in quality. A sale of 200 tons "John Wright's," at the latter quotation. In Manufactured no change.

LEAD.—No sales have been reported.

LEATHER.—There is a good demand for both Spanish Sole and Slaughter Leather, and prices are well maintained.

LUMBER.—There is but a small business doing, and prices remain without change.

MOLASSES.—Supplies have been arriving rather more freely. The demand has been moderate, and prices remain without change. Sales of 1,300 bbls at 20c, and Cuba at 20c, on time.

NAVAL STORES.—There has been but little business doing in Rosin, Tar and Pitch at our last quotations.—Spirits of Turpentine is lower, and the demand is limited. Small sales at 41a46c per gallon, cash and on time.

OILS.—In Fish Oils there are steady store sales making at former rates. Lard Oil continues very dull. Linseed Oil sells slowly at 98a99c.

The following are the Imports of Sperm and Whale Oil and Whalebone into the United States for the week ending the 29th ult:

	Bbls Sp.	Bbls Wh.	Lbs Bone
Nantucket	3,000		
Previously	300	700	
From Jan 1 to date	3,300	700	
Same time last year	1,276	6,013	40,000

PLASTER.—There is very little offering. We quote Soft at $3 per ton.

RICE.—There has been a fair demand, and prices steadily maintained. Sales of 400 casks at 4½a5¼ cts per lb, on time, part before arrival.

SEEDS.—The receipts of Cloverseed have increased since our last notice. The demand has fallen off and prices are lower. Small sales at $6,25, and 500 bushels at $6,00a6,50 per 64 lbs—from wagons at the former rate. We quote Timothy at $3,[illegible]a3,25. Flaxseed is scarce and wanted at $1,85 per bushel.

SPICES.—The only sales reported are small lots of Nutmegs at 75a80c per lb, 6 mos.

SPIRITS.—The sales of Brandies and Gin have been limited at former rates. N E Rum continues to command 38c. Whiskey is dull and lower. Small sales at 31c, in both hhds and bbls.

SUGARS.—The receipts have slightly increased since our last notice. The demand has been moderate, and prices are steadily maintained. Sales of 500 hhds New Orleans at 4½a5½c per lb, on time.

TALLOW.—Is in fair demand at 12½a13c per lb, cash, for City Rendered, and 11½a12c for Country.

TEAS.—Prices are firm for all descriptions, and there is a moderate inquiry.

TOBACCO.—The market is firm for both Leaf and Manufactured, but the demand has been limited.

WINES.—No sales worthy of notice have been reported.

WOOL.—The market is excessively dull, and prices are 2a3c per lb lower. The week's sales only foot up 60,000 lbs at 27a45c per lb, as in quality, all 6 mos.

FREIGHTS.—To Liverpool we continue to quote Flour at 3s per bbl; Grain 6a7d per bushel, and Provisions 25s per ton. To San Francisco the rates are unchanged. The ship B. F. Hoxie has just been placed on the berth. Colliers obtain $2,05a2,25 per ton to Boston, and $2 to New York.—*Inquirer.*

HAY per 100 lbs—Timothy 75a90c; Clover 75a80.

HEMP—Kentucky Dew Rot $140a150 per ton, do Prepared $200; Manilla per lb 15c.

BUTTER, CHEESE, &c.—Butter, Firkins, 18a22c; No 1 in kegs, 16a19; do Roll 18a21; Lard, Jersey, 11½; Western keg 10½a11c; do bbl 9½a10c; Grease do 8½—Cheese, Ohio, 10a12c per lb; New York, 11a12. Mercer Potatoes, $1,10a1,25 per bushel.

RAGS—Country mixed 4½a5½c per lb.

SALT—Liverpool, ground, 44a45c; do in sacks, $1,30a1,37½; do in sacks (fine) $1,67½a1,75; St. Martins, 35; Turk's Island, 36.

SOAP, Brown and Yellow, 4½a6c per lb; White 9a10½; Castile 11½.

TOBACCO—Cuba 18a30c per lb; Kentucky 4½a7½; do Maysville, 6½a9; Maryland, 5a7½; Virginia 5a9; Pennsylvania Seed Leaf, 6a15; Connecticut Seed Leaf, 6a20; Manufactured Nos 1, 2, and 3, 14a26.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY S. McHENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER.
No. 80 South Fourth Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Monday last. Market closing steady:

Loans.	Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
U S 6 per ct '68	108½	—	Phil Ger & Nor	52	54
" " '65	[illegible]	—	Reading	37½	37¾
" " '67	116½	117	" preferred		
" " '68	116½	117	Minehill	[illegible]	[illegible]
" 5 " '65	103½	105	Har & Lan	[illegible]	[illegible]
Int. of.			Phil & Sun		
Philada 6 per ct	90½	91	Chester Valley	[illegible]	[illegible]
" 5 "	[illegible]	[illegible]	Tioga	13	—
Cam City 6 pr ct	[illegible]	[illegible]	" preferred		
Pitts. 6 pr ct	75	76	P W & Balt	30	30½
" " c'upon	75½	77	Sun & Erie		
Alle'gy city 6 pr ct	73	73½	Long Island	15½	15½
" county "	73½	75	CANAL STOCKS.		
Alle co R R 6's	[illegible]	[illegible]	Schuyl Nav	[illegible]	[illegible]
Penna 6 pr ct '70	[illegible]	[illegible]	" pref'd	30	31
" 5 "	87	87½	Lehigh Nav	[illegible]	[illegible]
" " coupon	[illegible]	[illegible]	Morris	15½	15¾
Tenn 6 per ct	[illegible]	91	" pref'd	[illegible]	[illegible]
" 5 "	[illegible]	[illegible]	C & Del		
" " coupon	[illegible]	[illegible]	Union	10	10½
Ohio 6 pr ct	[illegible]	[illegible]	Sus & Tidewater	10½	[illegible]
Kentucky 6 pr ct	[illegible]	[illegible]	BANK STOCKS.		
Illinois 6 "			North Amer	106	108
St Louis 6 pr ct	87	90	Penna	110	111½
Texas Rep Notes	33	40	Philada	134½	135
Penna R R 6 pr ct 1st mort	97	97½	Far & Mec	67	67½
C&Am R R 6 pr ct	81	85	Commercial	53	54½
Rea Mw R R "	[illegible]	[illegible]	N Liberty	[illegible]	
P G & N R R "	[illegible]	[illegible]	Mechanics	[illegible]	[illegible]
Reading R R "	79½	[illegible]	Southwark	[illegible]	
" Mort	85	87	P Township	[illegible]	[illegible]
M & Lon R R "	87	90	Kensington	[illegible]	[illegible]
P & P R R 7 pr ct	73	75	Girard	12	12½
Ches Val R R "	[illegible]	[illegible]	Western	[illegible]	[illegible]
Tioga R R "	[illegible]	[illegible]	Man & Mech	[illegible]	[illegible]
Phil Wil & Bal	95	95½	Commerce	[illegible]	[illegible]
W R R 6 per ct			Tradesmen's		
Leh I R R "	71	71½	United States	1½	2
Sch Nav '72	75	76½	Pittsburg	[illegible]	57
Lehigh Nav "	93	95	M & M Pitts	[illegible]	[illegible]
" Mort	95	96	Exch'ge Pitts	[illegible]	[illegible]
C & D C5	75	80	Kentucky	[illegible]	102
Sus & Tid '78	61½	65	Northern, Ky	104	105
RAILROAD STOCKS.			Louisville, Ky	[illegible]	
Cam & Am	137	138	Farmers, Ky	95	
Penna	41½	41¾	Union, N'sh, Tenn	[illegible]	
Sch Nav	[illegible]	[illegible]	Planter's, Tenn	[illegible]	
			Com & R Vicks		10
			[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

CATTLE MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 2.—The receipts of Beef Cattle have been again small—1,000 head only having been offered. The demand was not active; prices were barely maintained. Sales at $8a11. Cows and Calves remain without change. The receipts of Hogs have been about 900 head. They were mostly sold at $6,50a7,50. Sheep and Lambs continue dull. Sales of 800 head at $4,50 to 6,50 according to quality.

NEW YORK MARKETS, FEB. 3.

ASHES—Sales of 75 barrels at $6,00 for Pots, and at $6,75a7.

COTTON—Sales about 1,000 bales the market closing at extreme prices.

FLOUR—Sales about [illegible] bbls, including common and straight State brands, at $8,75a9,00; common to good Western at $9,31, and $10,50 for extra Ohio. Genesee was unchanged. Canadian sold to a limited extent at about $8,75a9,87 in bond, and at $9,50a9,75 duty paid.—Southern Flour sold in a moderate way at $9,37a9,88 for common to good, and at $9,31a10,37 for fancy and extra brands. Wheat—Sales of 1,300 bushels Southern white at $2,30; 900 do Southern red at $2,12, and 1,000 do white Michigan at $2,40.

GRAIN—A fair demand for Wheat for milling, and the market is steady. Sales of 1,000 bushels prime white Michigan at $2,40, 1,000 bushels good white Southern afloat, at $2,30, and 1,000 bushels good red do at $2,12. Rye is quiet at $1,35a1,37. Barley is unsettled. Sales of 1,300 bushels prime two rowed at about $1,35, an extreme price. Oats are better, and in request at 55a58c for Jersey, and 60a62c for State and Western. Corn is better, and is in limited supply; the demand is mainly for export. Sales of 16,000 bushels at 98a99c for Jersey yellow, 100 for Southern white, to arrive, 100 for southern yellow, and 101a102 for old do.

HOPS—A small demand exists for Eastern and Western; 20 bales at 27a33c, as to quality, growth 1854.

PROVISIONS—Pork steady, but the market without animation. Sales of 4a500 bbls old Mess at $12,50. New Mess and new Prime were nominal at $14,25, and 12,25 for new Prime. Beef—Small sales at old rates. Prime Mess Beef unchanged. Cleveland varied from $21 to 22, and city do from $17 to 17,50 asked. 400 bbls Beef Hams, Vermont, sold at $16. Cut Meats in good demand; sales of 130 tcs Hams at 8c; Shoulders ranged from 5½ to 5¾. Lard—Sales of 3a500 bbls prime at 10c. The last sales of keg were made at 11c.

WHISKEY—The market is quiet but steady—the arrivals are fair. Sales of 150 bbls at 31 cts for Ohio, and 31½ for Prison. Drudge is dull and nominal.

ANOTHER CASE OF FEVER AND AGUE CURED.

☞ A few days ago we recorded an astonishing cure of Fever and Ague by the use of Dr. M'Lane's Liver Pills. We have now another to mention, viz: that of Mr. James Sharpe, of Montgomery, who states that he had labored under a very severe attack of Ague and Fever, and was soon restored by the use of these Pills. Mr Sharpe also expresses an opinion, founded on observation, that the Liver Pills are the best for bilious complaints ever offered in his section of country.

Although long known as a sovereign remedy for chronic cases of Hepatic derangement, or diseases of the Liver, the proprietors of Dr. M'Lane's Pills were not prepared for the frequent, yet gratifying evidences of its general utility and curative capacity. In this respect, this invaluable medicine has exceeded their most sanguine expectations, and induced them to hope that it will be introduced into every family in the United States.

☞ Purchasers will be careful to ask for Dr. M'Lane's Celebrated Liver Pills, and take none else. There are other Pills, purporting to be Liver Pills, now before the public. Dr. M'Lane's Liver Pills, also his Celebrated Vermifuge, can now be had at all respectable Drug Stores in the United States and Canada. 66

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY DREXEL & CO., BROKERS,
No. 22 S. Third St.

PHILADELPHIA, February 10, 1855.

PENNSYLVANIA.	
Solvent banks	par to ½ dis
Relief notes	par to ½ dis
NEW JERSEY.	
Solvent banks	par to ½ dis
DELAWARE.	
Solvent banks	par
Under 5's	½ dis
Bk Milford	failed
MARYLAND.	
Solvent banks	par to ½ dis
Salisbury	failed
Havre de Grace	failed
Far & Mer	failed
Far & Mec Bk, Kent Co.	50 dis
DIS. OF COLUMBIA.	
Exchange Bank	failed
Solvent banks	½ dis
NEW YORK.	
Solvent banks	par to ½ dis
6th Avenue bk	10 dis
Knickerbocker bk	10 dis
Lewis co bk	no sale
James bk	20 dis
New Rochelle	50 dis
Far Bk, Onondaga	50 dis
Mer & Man Bank, Oswego	50 dis
[illegible]	5 dis
Ex'ge Bk, Buffalo	25 dis
Empire City bk	15 dis
Central bk	10 dis
MAINE.	
Solvent banks	½ dis
[illegible]	[illegible]
Ellsworth bk	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
Solvent banks	½ dis
VERMONT.	
Solvent banks	½ dis
Bank of Bennington	[illegible]
CONNECTICUT.	
Solvent banks	½ dis
Woodbury Bank	[illegible]
MASSACHUSETTS.	
Solvent banks	½ dis
[illegible]	[illegible]
RHODE ISLAND.	
Solvent banks	½ dis
CANADA.	
Solvent banks	1½ dis
Far Joint Stock Bk	failed
VIRGINIA.	
Solvent banks	1½ dis
NORTH CAROLINA.	
Solvent banks	[illegible]
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
Solvent banks	1 dis
GEORGIA.	
Solvent banks	1½ dis
Bk St Mary's	25 dis
Merchants, Macon	failed
Atlanta	10 dis
ALABAMA.	
Solvent banks	2 dis
MISSISSIPPI.	
All banks	uncertain
LOUISIANA.	
Solvent banks	2 dis
OHIO.	
Solvent banks	2 dis
Com. Bk, Toledo	3 dis
Ohio Savings bk	failed
Bk of Wooster	40 dis
Bk of Norwalk	40 dis
Bk Massillon	[illegible]
Bk of Circleville	failed
Canal Bk, Cleveland	5 dis
City Bk of Columbus	5 dis
Mer & Tra Bk Cin	5 dis
Sandusky City Bk	5 dis
KENTUCKY.	
Solvent banks	2 dis
Commercial Bank	2 dis
[illegible]	failed
INDIANA.	
State bk	2 dis
Small notes	3 dis
Free bks	10 to 50 dis
[illegible]	[illegible]
ILLINOIS.	
Solvent Free Banks	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
MISSOURI.	
Solvent banks	[illegible]
TENNESSEE.	
Solvent banks	2½ dis
Farmers' and Mechanics' Memphis	failed
MICHIGAN.	
Solvent banks	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
ARKANSAS.	
All bks	no sale
WISCONSIN.	
Solvent banks	[illegible]
TEXAS.	
Commercial and Agricultural bk, Galveston	10 per cent

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ALMANAC.

Feb. 1855.	Sun Rises	Sun Sets	High Water	Moon's Phases
10 Saturday,	6 50	5 10	8 7	
11 Sunday,	6 49	5 12	9 1	
12 Monday,	6 47	5 13	9 59	
13 Tuesday,	6 46	5 14	11 6	D. H. M.
14 Wed'day,	6 45	5 16	12 11	Full 1 10 15
15 Thursday,	6 43	5 17	1 3	Last 9 9 44
16 Friday,	6 42	5 18	1 56	New 16 1 26
17 Saturday,	6 41	5 19	2 47	First 23 10 17

Marriages.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Williamsport, Pa. on the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. Wm. Simonton, Mr. SAMUEL HOOD, of Philadelphia, to Miss MARY GRIER, of Williamsport.

On Tuesday, 23d ult. by the Rev. P. B. Mullin, Mr. M. O. PATTON, of West Milford, to Miss MARTHA A. daughter of Capt. Elisha Owens, of Clarksburg, Harrison county, Va.

In Bolton, Vermont, at the residence of her father, on the 18th ult. by S. Cosby, Esq., Mr. SAMUEL DEAVITT, to Miss ROSELLA M. NORRIS, all of Bolton, Vt.

On the 30th of Jan. at the "Vale of Cedars," the residence of the bride's mother, by the Rev. R. G. Brank, Mr. ALEXANDER G. MORGAN, to Miss, daughter of the late Col. T. A. Russell, of Lexington, Ky.

On the 15th ultimo, by the Rev. George Chandler, Mr. DAVID J. UBER, to Miss LOUISA FOTE, all of this city.

On the 5th ultimo, by the Rev. W. Blackwood, Mr. JOHN COULTER, to Miss ELIZA McCURDY, both of this city.

On the 23th of Nov. by the Rev. John Street, Mr. MARTIN PETTIT, to Miss AMANDA MIRKLE, daughter of Perry Mirkle, Esq. all of Philadelphia.

On the 6th ultimo, by the Rev. Abel C. Thomas, at the U. States Hotel, C. J. MAC LALLAN, to ADELAIDE, daughter of Col. Wm. P. Smith.

On the 23d ultimo, by the Rev. John Street, Mr. JOEL BODINE, Esq. of the city of Camden, to Miss LEAH MATTHEWS, of Philadelphia.

On the 29th ult. by the Rev. Thomas G. Allen, Mr. CHRISTIAN HICKNER, to Miss MARY A. BURKE.

On the 23th ult. by the Rev. Walter C. Hepburn, E. G. McCALEB, of Philadelphia, to Miss LOUISA H. HEPBURN, of Milton, Pa.

On the 29th ultimo, by the Rev. John B. Dales, Mr. JAMES DOAK, to Miss JANE FYFE, both of this city.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. William Suddards, Mr. JOSEPH L. PENNOCK, of Coatesville, Chester county, to ANNIE S. daughter of John Shaffner, Esq. of this city.

On the 18th ultimo, by the Rev. J. G. Rogers, Mr. MONTRAVILLE WILLIAMS, to Miss FANNY A. J. RILEY, both of Camden, N. J.

On the 19th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Clay, Mr. WILLIAM BEACH, of Newark, N. J. to Mrs. REBECCA PRICE, of Camden, N. J.

On the 25th ultimo, at Powell's White Hall Hotel, 286 Market street, Philadelphia, by Friends' Ceremony, in presence of Ald. J. Mitchell, AMOS McNULLY, to HANNAH HOOPES, both of Chester county, Pa.

On the 28th ult. by the Rev. Jas. Seddon, of Frankford, ALFRED A. LISTER, to MARTHA K. HEBSON, both of West Philadelphia.

At Baltimore, on the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. M. G. Clarke, Mr. PHILIP G. McCOLLIN, to Mrs. A. L. BROMLEY, all of Philadelphia.

Deaths.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 24th of Jan. at Butler Township, Columbiana county, Ohio, Mr. LEWIS P. RIGHTER, after a lingering illness, in the 64th year of his age. Other papers please copy.

On the 23d of Dec., Hon. STEPHEN WATERMAN, of Rice City, R. I. aged 76 years.

On the 31st ult. Mrs. ANN ROSS, aged 86 years.

On the 31st ult. Mr. HENRY KERR, aged 79 years.

On the 31st ult. Mrs. MAGDALENA, wife of Mr. Francis Broben, aged 35 years.

On the 31st ult. KATE CARNEY, daughter of Job R. and Margaret Gibbs, aged 22 months.

On the 31st ult. Mrs. ELIZA HOWARD, aged 60 years.

On the 30th ult. Mrs. MARY GORGER, aged 69 years.

On the 30th ult. HERMAN, son of Wm and Elizabeth Houser, aged 16 months.

On the 31st ultimo, Mrs. BRIDGET McLAUGHLIN, aged 70 years.

On the 30th ult. MARGARET, wife of Peter Devereaugh.

On the 30th ult. MARGARET, wife of Miles Roche, and daughter of Peter Devereaugh.

On the 31st ult. NOAH HUMPHREYS, aged 53 years.

On the 31st ult. MARTHA M. wife of Capt. T. Mayors, aged 43 years.

On the 29th ult. Mrs. ELIZABETH HOOVER, aged 30.

On the 30th ult. HENRY R. WILSON, son of Lawrence and Ruth Brown, aged 19 months.

On the 29th ult. THOMAS NICHOLSON, aged 67 years.

On the 30th ult. Mrs. MARTHA WILSON, aged 47.

On the 30th ult. SARAH CHAPMAN, daughter of James and Margaret Lynch, aged 3 years.

On the 30th ult. Mrs. ELLEN McBRIDE, aged 56.

On the 29th ult. Miss LOUISA BOLTON, aged 40 years.

On the 29th ult. HANNAH, wife of Jos. R. Drake, aged 29 years.

On the 29th ult. JENNET, wife of the late Alex. Gibb, aged 39 years.

On the 29th ult. JOHN W. ROBESON, aged 28 years.

On the 28th ult. Mr. CHARLES LUTZ, Sr. aged 71.

On the 28th ult. Mrs. SARAH BUCKLEY, aged 73 years.

On the 27th ultimo, MARY L. wife of Dr. J. Wilson Moore.

On the 28th ult. WILLIAM B. RICHARDS, aged 44.

On the 29th ult. WESSEY ELLEN SHEPHARD, aged 15 months.

On the 29th ult. WILLIAM, son of Sabina and the late Wm. Myers, aged 14 months.

On the 27th ult. HARRIET, daughter of Geo. and Catharine Disney, aged 2 years and 8 months.

On the 27th ultimo, MARY IDA, daughter of Henry and Elizabeth Hinkle.

On the 28th ult. WILLIAM M. BROWN, aged 2 years and 5 months.

On the 29th ult. JOHN HUNT, aged 19 years.

On the 29th ult. LOUISA FILE, aged 3 years.

OBITUARY.

At the residence of her son-in-law, T. C. Alrich, Esq. Wilmington, Del., on Friday, Dec. 15, 1854, Mrs. ELIZABETH DEACON TAYLOR, in the 82d year of her age.

Mrs. T. was born in Burlington, N. J., of a family that descended from the earliest Quaker settlers. She was a sister of Capt. David Deacon, U. S. N., and in early life a playfellow of the heroic Lawrence. From the scenes of her childhood and youth, she brought down vivid recollections of the Revolution and of the days of Washington, and was herself possessed of no small amount of the physical and mental firmness which characterized that period. She was long a member of the Hanover St. Presbyterian Church, at Wilmington, and whilst she trusted not in herself that she was righteous, but reposed by Faith, on Christ alone, she endeared herself by her various virtues to many hearts. She was a good mother, and has left her children under an everlasting debt of gratitude, who "arise up and call her blessed." She carried the freshness of youth as a garland of her old age, and even the breathless body preserved in its calm features some anticipations of a condition "not having spot or wrinkle," but "holy and without blemish."

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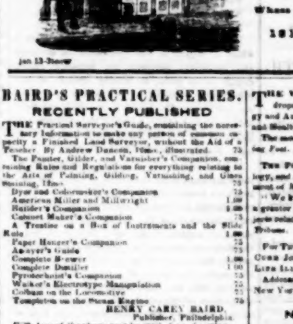

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The [illegible] rides through the valley's [illegible],
On the snow-field shimmers the clear sunlight.

Through the chilly snow in sweat rides he,
Yet to-day must he reach the Bodensee;

To-day, with his horse, in the boat, pass o'er,
And land, ere night, on the other shore.

On his toilsome way, over thorn and stone,
On his [illegible] steed he pursues alone.

From the mountains out in the level land,
The snow he seeth spread out like sand.

Behind him far sink village and town,
The way is level and smooth, like down.

Neither hill nor house in the plain of white—
The trees and the rocks they fade from sight.

A mile, and twain, thus he speedeth by—
He hears in the air the snow-swan's cry;

Up flutters the water-hen in fear—
No other sound breaks on his ear;

No wanderer sees he dreary
To point him the way his path may lie.

As o'er untrod the path o'er the yielding snow—
When shall rush the water—the broad lake glow?

Now closeth around the early night;
In the distance twinkles many a light.

The trees from the mist rise one by one,
And hills bound the wide-spread plain of dun.

He sees on the ground the thorn and stone,
And spurs his steed o'er the pathway on.

The dogs they bark at his horse's girth—
In the village beckons the blazing hearth.

"To the window welcome, sweet maid, and say,
To the sea, to the sea, how far is the way?"

The maiden, astonied, the rider eyes—
"The sea with the boat, behind thee lies;

"And covered the ice not its waters frore,
I had said the wave thou hadst ferried o'er."

The stranger shuddered with breathing low,
"You plain behind I have crossed but now."

The maid she raises her arms in fear,—
"Great God! o'er the lake thou hast ridden here.

"The abyss, the dark and fathomless deep,
Thy [illegible] hoof hath [illegible] from sleep;

"And round thee did not the waters dash?
And under thee did not the thin ice crash?

"Of the [illegible] wert not food?
Of the hungry pike, in the cold, cold flood?"

She calls the village the tale to hear—
The boys around her are gathered near;

Old dames and sires her story heed;
"Yes, stranger, now bless thou thyself indeed!

"Come in to the hearth—to the board—at work
Break with us of bread, and eat of the fish."

But the rider ne'er on his steed hath stirred,
His ear hath heard but the first dread word.

His heart it falters, and stiffens his hair,—
Behind yawns the awful danger yet there.

His eye sees only the dread abyss—
He sinks in the black gulf fathomless.

He hears of the ice the crashing roar,
Cold sweat, like the wave, hath covered him o'er.

He sighs and sinks from his horse on the strand,
He hath found a grave on the firm dry land!

* This ballad is founded on fact. The Bodensee is the German name of the Lake of Constance.

Selected Articles.

HOW TO PRESERVE HEALTH.

BY DR. HALL.

The great secret of a long and healthful life, lies in the judicious use of what we eat and drink. What is "*judicious*" we propose to discuss; but not in such a way as to dictate dogmatically what this one or that one shall use, but to let each one decide for himself, under the guidance of a few general principles, founded on observed facts, not on imagined fallacies.

On the sixth day of June, eighteen hundred and twenty-two, a robust, hearty French Canadian, of eighteen years, was accidentally shot in the left side; the wound healed, but left an opening in the stomach, which allowed the physician to see what was passing inside, and for the space of fifteen years, a great variety of experiments were made, and observations taken; and in the light of these, we make our way.

In clear, cool, dry weather, a thermometer introduced into the stomach settled at one hundred degrees *Fahrenheit*. In raw, damp, cloudy weather, it remained stationary at ninety-four.

One point gained, then, is that the temperature of an empty and healthy stomach in good weather, is about one hundred degrees.

Soon after a meal is eaten, the temperature of the stomach is slightly increased, digestion goes on healthily and well, and in four or five hours the stomach is empty again. By digestion here, we mean that what was eaten, whether meat, bread, vegetables, or other food, is gradually changed until it becomes whitish, and thinnish, and sweetish, like milk; it matters not what we eat, or how many different kinds, it is the same color, taste, and consistence, when digestion is healthy. When digestion is not perfect, the food ferments, becomes sour, rises in the mouth, generates wind, causes belching, and the like familiar symptoms. Digestion being a process of nature, whatever arrests digestion, is a direct interference with nature, always does wrong, and if persevered in, destroys health and life, inevitably.

It was further observed, that cold water swallowed during the process of digestion, instantly arrested it, and the process was not resumed, until the water had been there long enough to be warm from the temperature at which it was drunk, to that of the stomach; or from some forty degrees, to a hundred; to accomplish this, the heat must be abstracted from the general system, chilling it. Strong, robust persons may not feel this, but if a man in feeble health drinks cold water at a meal, at all largely, he rises from the table chilly, and soon has fever; while the stomach, being kept that much longer at work in digesting the food, loses its vigor, the digestion is imperfect, and the food becomes impure,—thus laying the foundation of disease. The inevitable inference from these facts is that cold water is injurious, if taken at meals. Injurious to the most robust if taken largely, and to persons in feeble health, if taken at all, beyond a few swallows at a meal.

I therefore set it down as a clearly established fact, that a glass or more of cold water, drank habitually at meals, or soon after, is a pernicious practice, even to the most healthy.

Injury is done in another manner; water or any other fluid, dilutes the gastric juice, and thus weakens its power to dissolve the food. The amount of gastric juice is not lessened, but its power is diminished by its dilution. The finger will be scalded by dipping it into a vessel of boiling water; but if an equal amount of cold water is added, it may be thrust in with impunity, and although there is as much heat in the mass as before, but it is more diffused. A glass of brandy will almost strangle a person not accustomed to it, but if largely diluted, it gives no discomfort, although all the brandy is there that was there before. We have then made another advance, that any kind of fluid largely taken at a meal, or soon after, is positively injurious to health.

Largely, is a relative term. An advance of fifty per cent. in the price of any thing is "large," and when it is remembered that but a few table spoons of gastric juice are furnished at a meal, a glass of cold water, or two or three cups of coffee or tea, is a large amount of fluid for one meal.

Thus, a standing item of advice to my patients is—Take half a glass of water to a single meal, or a single cup of weak coffee or tea, never increasing the strength or quantity, and drink nothing within the hour after eating.

If cold drinks are injurious at meals, cold food is, for the same reason, also injurious; thus it is, that some of the most terrible forms of disease are brought on by persistence in eating cold food, exclusively, especially in winter time. If cold fluids are injurious at meals, we naturally conclude that warm fluids, in moderation, are beneficial, and rightly so.

The young of the animal creation are furnished with sustenance warmed by nature; and the choice morsel is warmed in the beak of the parent bird, before arriving at the nest of her young.

We instinctively, almost, prepare something warm for the weary or the invalid; hence the virtue oftimes ascribed to drinking milk, warm from the cow, not a very palatable idea, it must be confessed. It then follows, that if we drink anything at meals, it should be first warmed.

We may safely admit, that the universal custom of a country is founded on common sense—common sense being the teachings of experience of the civilized world is, that a cup of good hot coffee for breakfast, and a cup of good hot tea for supper, are wholesome. If a person is prejudiced against "store tea and coffee," then any of our common garden herbs may be substituted, as balm, sage, sassafras, and the like; it is the warmth that comes first in importance, and there must be the taste of something palatable in it, or the stomach will loath it. I am well aware that some persons consider tea and coffee poisonous, as did an enthusiastic young "theologian" at New Brunswick, a few years ago, and demonstrated it as he thought, to the old domine, then in his eighty-sixth year, and still an efficient laborer in the vineyard.

"It may be poison, as you say," replied the old veteran, as the sly mischief twinkled out of the corner of his eye, "but it must be a very slow poison, for I have taken it regularly, night and morning, for these eighty years, and am as you see not dead yet."

The same has also been said of Doctor Johnson.

But how comes it that so many sensible people believe that tea and coffee are poisonous? Just as they have come to the adoption of any other fallacy. Somebody who had nothing else to do, imagined it, then hunted up facts and parts of facts to prove it; and what with adding a little to one fact, and suppressing from another, a really plausible case was made out, to every reader or hearer who had rather admit a statement, than take the trouble thoroughly to sift its truth; and there are many such persons.

Having said so much about a cup of tea and coffee, it is proper to say something of the preparation. Individuals and nations have their preferences, but some things must be laid down as of universal application:

The first cup of coffee is the best.
The last cup of tea is the best.
Never take more than one cup at a meal.
Never increase the strength.

If it were a mere stimulant, then after a while it might, if not increased in strength and quantity, produce no sensible effect, might do no good, as brandy, opium, or any other mere stimulant; but as tea and coffee are nutritious, the more so as they are used with milk and sugar, a cup of the self-same, is likely to do you as much good and as little harm twenty years hence as to-day.

It has been justly said that "in the life of most persons a period arrives when the stomach no longer digests enough of the ordinary elements of food to make up for the natural daily waste of the bodily substance," the size and weight of the body therefore, begin to diminish more or less perceptibly. At this period tea comes in as a medicine to arrest the waste, to keep the body from falling away so fast, and thus enable the less energetic powers of digestion still to supply as much as is needed to repair the wear and tear of the solid tissues. No wonder, therefore, that tea should be a favorite, on the one hand, with the poor, whose supply of substantial food is scanty; and on the other with the aged and infirm, especially of the feebler sex, whose powers of digestion and whose bodily substance have together begun to fail. Nor is it surprising that the aged female who has barely enough weekly income to buy what are called the common necessaries of life, should yet spend a portion of her small gains in purchasing her ounce of tea. She can live quite as well on common food, when she takes her tea along with it; while she feels lighter, and at the same time more fit for her work because of the indulgence.

The time to drink tea is at supper, when the lightest meal of the day is taken; for, by its exhilarating effects, it destroys the sense of hunger, and enables a person to go to sleep without having much in the stomach to keep it working all night, and so prevent sound, refreshing sleep.

One of the great secrets of health is a light supper, and yet it is a great self-denial, when one is hungry and tired at the close of the day, to eat little or nothing. Let such an one take leisurely a single cup of tea and a piece of cold bread with butter, and he will leave the table as fully pleased with himself and all the world as if he had eaten a heavy meal, and be tenfold the better for it the next morning. Take any two men under similar circumstances, strong, hard-working men, of twenty-five years; let one take his bread and butter with a cup of tea, and the other a hearty meal of meat, bread, potatoes, and the et ceteras, as the last meal of the day, and I venture to affirm, that the tea-drinker will outlive the other by thirty years.

[Note.—With what is said above relative to drinking cold water, we both agree and disagree. So far as it is stated to be unwise, especially in winter, to reduce too far the temperature of the stomach by cold fluids or cold solids, we agree with Dr. Hall—but as to the dilution of the gastric juice by fluids injuring its dissolving power, we respectfully enter our dissent. In the account that we read of the experiments with the French Canadian alluded to, it was distinctly stated that the dilution of the gastric juice with a moderate quantity of water, did not seem to impair its action in the least. And even as to the drinking of cold water at meals in large quantities, there may be tendencies in certain individuals to too great heat during digestion, which the cold water may counteract, and thus prove beneficial. For our part, we believe that by diluting the gastric juice, and thus rendering it able to act upon a greater extent of surface, the process of digestion in many persons, is often very much accelerated. Our readers would do well not to be governed too much by mere theories in these matters.—*Editor of the Saturday Evening Post.*]

Novel Law Suit.—A somewhat romantic suit at law has just been terminated in Franklin County, Pennsylvania. It seems that one John Lescher became pierced with the arrow of Cupid, and wishing to heal the wound by lawful wedlock, he made proposals to the object of his affections, which it seems she received favorably; but the father, Mr. Jacob Wyant, being a prudent man, of much foresight, required the said John Lescher to enter into bonds of $500, "conditioned that the said John Lescher should live with his wife, and trust her, as a kind and affectionate husband should do." But the parties after living together some months, separated, and this suit was brought to recover the amount of the bond.

The case was tried at the last term of the Franklin Court, when Judge Kimmel decided the bond to be invalid. The case was carried to the Supreme Court, and it was decided that the bond was "good and valid, and in accordance with the law." The case, therefore, came up again in the Franklin County Court, when the jury found a verdict for the plaintiff of $579 75. The result of this suit may give a valuable suggestion to anxious fathers whose daughters are sought as partners at the hymeneal altar; and an imitation of Mr. Wyant's forethought would show a prudent concern for their daughter's welfare.

Bread from a Barrel of Flour.—According to a statement made by a Quarter-Master of the United States Army, one barrel of flour, or 196 pounds, when in dough, contains about 11 gallons, or 90 pounds, of water, 2 gallons of yeast, and three pounds of salt—making a mass of 305 pounds, which evaporates in kneading and baking about 40 pounds, leaving in bread about 265 pounds; the bread thus exceeding in weight the flour employed by about 33.60 per cent. Dumas informs us that 130 pounds of the common white bread of Paris are obtained from 100 pounds of flour. To this he adds that the flour contains 17 per cent. of water, the produce, then, being equivalent to 130 pounds of bread from 100 pounds of flour. Boussingault, an eminent agricultural writer gives the same proportions.

City Scenes.

Young Lady (*reading Crimean Correspondence*).—"I must tell you, too, that I have quite abandoned poor Brown Bess, and that with my beautiful Minié—"

Elder Lady (*interrupting hastily*).—"There—there—my dear, go on to the next letter. We don't want to hear about his Bessies and Minnies—these soldiers are all alike!"

THE EFFECTS OF SALERATUS

In a former number I alluded to the use of Saleratus in modern cookery. I have not hesitated to pronounce it an efficient agent in the production of that most alarming infantile mortality which prevails. Your readers know, perhaps, that we lose about 300,000 inhabitants of the United States every year, under ten years of age; and some of them know, if they have read all that has been written on the subject within a few years, that not a few of these children might have survived had it not been for the effect of Saleratus.

Some individuals have doubted the truth of my suggestions. They have seriously questioned whether Saleratus is really poisonous. Such individuals may be interested in the following statement and facts:

I had been lecturing in North Adams, Mass., on Diet and Regimen. At the close of the lecture the Rev. Robert Crawford came to me and inquired whether I was not fond of collecting facts; and when I replied in the affirmative, he gave me a particular account of an incident in Williamstown, which is only four miles from that place.

In the year 1835, an indigent female, who was desirous of trying to earn an honest livelihood for herself and her family by keeping boarders, rented a house in Williamstown, and took about fifteen boarders. They were chiefly if not wholly young men who were attending the college at that place.

The housekeeper was ignorant of the fashionable modes of cookery, though she knew that rich food was generally preferred. She had heard of Saleratus, and that by many cooks it was freely used. Accordingly, she procured a quantity and freely used it. The warm biscuits were so full of it as not only to give them a yellow or burnt appearance, but also to render them bitter or nauseous to the taste. Many other articles were filled with it in like manner. In endeavoring to make light puddings, however, she used so much of the article, it was said, as to render them as heavy, almost so, as lead. The student called these puddings by the name of "*specific gravity*;" so that whenever they wished for a slice, they would ask to be helped to some of the "specific gravity."

After the lapse of a few months a disease broke out among these students—so severe that many believed it to be contagious. Of the whole number, thirteen were confined for a long time, and the fourteenth was slightly affected for a few days. The house became known by the name of the pest-house. Two of the patients died; another barely escaped death; and eleven finally recovered.

The individual who escaped the disease wholly was Prof. Tatlock, now of the Williamstown College. The one who was only slightly affected was the Rev. Mr. Crawford, my informant. The latter had no doubt—never had any—that the disease was caused solely by the Saleratus. I saw Prof. Tatlock subsequently, who confirmed the statement of Mr. Crawford. It appears that he, like Mr. Crawford, ate very little of the food which was so filled with Saleratus, and the biscuits they seldom ever tasted.

I also saw and conversed freely with Dr. Sabin, one of the two principal physicians who attended at the "pest-house" during the sickness aforesaid, and who is still a practising physician in Williamstown. He told me that, to the present day, neither he nor his associate, Dr. Smith, had ever entertained a momentary doubt that the whole trouble was caused by Saleratus.

The nature of the disease was somewhat peculiar, but in every particular gave indication that the citadel of life had been attacked by no mean or powerless enemy. The bowels lost their tone, and there was great muscular prostration. Blisters applied to any part of the system, were sure to be followed by almost immediate mortification of the part. In short, the disease was one of the most severe ever known in that region.

But, if the *more excessive* use of this irritating substance is liable to produce such terrible effects, can the *less excessive* use of it, which almost everywhere prevails, be entirely innocuous?

Many tell us they do not use it to excess, though they are well aware that many others do so. But so it is with almost every abuse, I have seldom, if ever, met with a person who would confess to the error of *tight-lacing*, though I have met with thousands who knew that such an abuse prevailed all around them.

I was recently taken to task by a venerable housekeeper of this Commonwealth, for saying that the use of ten or twelve pounds of Saleratus in a family was by no means uncommon. "Why," said she, "I do not use so much as this in my great family." "How large is your family, madam?" I inquired. "It consists of ten persons.' "And how much Saleratus do you use yearly?" "A pound will last me three weeks." "Well, madam, that is between seventeen and eighteen pounds a year." She was surprised, and said that she did not use so much; a pound, she said, would last her nearly four weeks. But this, to her surprise, was thirteen pounds a year.

There can be no doubt that the sub-inflammation of the alimentary canal, which the habitual use of this alkali induces, both on children and adults, is one cause of that dread mortality which prevails among the former; but which, in summer and autumn, when other causes cooperate, proves peculiarly alarming. For my own part, I can hardly resist the full conviction, that, of the 300,000 above-mentioned, who die prematurely, at least 100,000 might survive, but for the effects of Saleratus.

WM. A. ALCOTT, M. D.

Auburn Dale, Mass., Dec. 29, 1854.

—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Night-Running upon Railroads.—We have sometimes heard it remarked by timid persons, that they would not travel by night on the railroad—their impression being that there is more danger of accidents in the dark than during daylight. Upon first thought, this would seem to be the fact; but a writer in *The Railroad Advocate* takes a different view of the matter, and certainly makes out a good case. He says there are many circumstances which make night-running comparatively safe. All work upon the track is stopped. Comparatively few other trains are on the road. No drawbridge would ever be likely to remain open in the night. Switches are more likely to be right then at other times, as they are not in use for other trains, and are locked. The signals for night trains being made by *night*, would scarcely fail to be observed and obeyed; and what is important, would be seen at a greater distance than any other signal in daylight. The engineer has less to attract his attention than in the day time. While, after all, a rock or a tree falling across a bend in the track in broad daylight, or an intended obstruction, is nearly as much a "hidden danger," as if encountered in the night. There are many places in nearly all roads where the range of view is less than the reflection of the "head-light" at night. So, after all, it would appear that one can take a night's rest in a railroad car with comparative safety.

☞ Fact.—When is a man *thinner* than a shingle? When he is a—shaving!

THE AGE OF FLASH.

This is pre-eminently the age of flash. Flashy dress, flashy jewelry, flashy literature, flashy lotteries, flashy business men, flashy women, flashy banks, and flashy cars and ships and steamboats. Every day brings some new and startling announcement of failures, accidents, elopements, outrages, embezzlements, and "burst ups;" all sorts of flashes. Fools have been trying to out-do each other in giving flash parties, whose splendor might eclipse that conjured by the will of an eastern magician. Women have paraded Washington street, and Broadway, and Chesnut street, and Pennsylvania avenue, and all the avenues, and streets, and thoroughfares, polite to fashionable cars and feet in christendom, or, (heaven knows, it might be called heathendom,) with the most lavish and costly assortments of dry goods, on heads, shoulders, and bodies, while their husbands were flying round like parched peas, with about as much moisture in soul and heart, scraping up money to keep them from fashionable ruin. Extravagance is rushing through New York like a [illegible] thief, stealing not from men's pockets, but their brains. Clerks who command a salary of one thousand dollars, expend four times that sum, and manage to do so by means of false checks, false orders, and trifling mistakes in figures, and startling amounts taken from the profits of their employers, of course, with every *honest* intention to return them. A cashmere shawl was sold recently for somewhere near two thousand dollars, and yet poor men are unreasonable enough to complain that times are hard. Old merchants are getting into the flashy current, and may be seen dashing like mad through the streets in "turn outs" that of themselves cost a large fortune. Advertisements meet one at every turn, how such a one, for a dollar, will give you a receipt—oh, wonderful!—that will convert the ugliest face into perfect beauty; kink the straightest hair in the most lovely manner, making it drop into such magnificent ringlets over neck and shoulders, or give you a five thousand dollar farm, located somewhere in the vicinity of Moonville, or a fast horse worth five hundred, or a brick house worth mercy knows how much! and all for the amazing small sum of one dollar; one little saucy-faced gold dollar. Look at it, friend; turn it over and over, and then set your thoughts busy at speculation. Perhaps a farm, perhaps a horse, (query—have you got a stable? Do you know how much it takes to keep a fast horse?) perhaps a brick house, and all for that little insignificant gold dollar! Well, let it go. There may be twenty thousand as silly as yourself, and the twenty or thirty thousand dollars go travelling and jingling on to the pockets of the clever swindler, and somebody gets the gifts—but we wonder who!

Now dear, good friends, all who read this, don't give your dollars away so foolishly, so recklessly, so *criminally*. Don't, good wives, buy those loves of cloaks, covered all over with braid and embroidery, when you know in your heart you can't afford it, and that if you do Mrs. Flash, your next door neighbor, will utterly outshine you just as much as she does now. Let inanimate silks and satins go flashing by,—take care of the animate, living soul, and in gentleness, kindness, economy, and sweet temper be you outshone by none. Men of means, build not those flashy houses, lined with gold and fluted with gold, and furnished with cloth of gold. They do not suit a republic. They are out of place. Practice the equality you profess; build, instead, neat tenements for the laboring man, who is goaded almost to insanity by the pressure of high rents; who must pay two-thirds of his income for a decent house, or herd with the squalid refuse of lands whose fast and flashy splendor has ruined them. Live not wholly for the present. Do, we beseech you, lay up a little, just a little treasure in heaven, if it is only a poor man's prayer, that it may meet you there and give you one pleasant, fearless thought of the past.—*Boston Olive Branch.*

THE CHILD'S WAY TO HEAVEN.

"Oh! I am weary of earth," said the child,
As it gazed with tearful eye
On the snow-white dove that it held in its hand,
"For whatever I love will die."

So the child came out of its little bower,
It came and looked abroad,
And it said, "I am going this very hour—
I am going to heaven and God."

There was shining light where the sun had set,
And red and purple too;
And it seemed as if earth and heaven met
All round in the distant blue.

And the child looked out on the far, far west,
And it saw a golden door,
Where the evening sun had gone to its rest
But a little while before.

There was one bright streak on the cloud's dark face,
As if it had been riven;
Said the child, "I will go to that very place,
For it must be the gate of heaven."

So away it went to follow the sun,
But the heavens would not stay,
For always the faster it tried to run
They seemed to go farther away.

Then the evening shades fell heavily,
With night-dews cold and damp,
And each little star on the dark blue sky
Lit up its silvery lamp.

A light wind wafted the fleecy clouds,
And it seemed to the child that they
Were hurrying on to the west, while the stars
Were going the other way.

And the child called out, when it saw them stray,
By the evening breezes driven,
"Little stars, you are wandering out of the way,
That is not the way to Heaven."

Then on it went through the rough waste lands
Where the tangled briers meet,
Till the prickles scratched its dimpled hands,
And wounded its little feet.

It could not see before it well,
And its limbs grew stiff and cold,
And at last it cried, for it could not tell
Its way on the open wold.

So the child knelt down on the damp green sod,
While it said its evening prayer,
And it fell asleep as it thought of God,
Who was listening to it there.

A long, long sleep—for they found it there,
When the sun went down next day,
And it looked like an angel, pale and fair,
But its cheek was as cold as clay.

The sunbeams glanced on the drops of dew
That lay on its ringlets bright,
Sparkling in every brilliant hue,
Like a coronet of light.

E. B.

Washington's Passions and Sensibilities.—Griswold, in his "Republican Court," relates the following anecdote of Washington:

Edmund Randolph had been an object of Washington's kindly interest from his youth; his powerful influence had caused him to be elected Governor of Virginia; he had appointed him successively Attorney General and Secretary of State, and had treated him in every way with unlimited confidence, and almost parental fondness. The vulgar and violent abuse with which he was assailed in the disgraced minister's "Vindication," therefore incensed him to an extraordinary degree; the occasion was one of those in which his feelings for a moment obtained a mastery over his habitual self-control. We have from unquestionable authority an anecdote illustrating this, which has not been hitherto published. Upon the settlement of the boundary between Pennsylvania and Virginia, some of Washington's lands fell within the former State, and the late Mr. James Ross, of Pittsburg, was his agent for the sale of them. He came to Philadelphia to settle his account, and sending word to the President that he would wait on him at his pleasure, was invited to breakfast the next morning. On arriving, he found all the ladies—the Custises, Lewises, Mrs. Washington and others—in the parlor, obviously in great alarm. Mr. Ross described them as gathered together in the middle of the room, like a flock of partridges in a field, when a hawk is in the neighborhood. Very soon the President entered, and shook hands with Mr. Ross, but looked dark and lowering. They went in to breakfast; and after a little while the Secretary of War came in, and said to Washington, "Have you seen Mr. Randolph's pamphlet?" "I have," said Washington, "and by the eternal God, he is the damnedest liar on the face of the earth!" and as he spoke, he brought his fist down upon the table with all his strength, and with a violence which made the cups and plates start from their places. Ross said he felt infinitely relieved, for he had feared that something in his own conduct had occasioned the blackness in the President's countenance. The late Chief Justice Gibson had this from Ross himself; and he mentioned it at the house of the late Mrs. John D. Wallace, of Philadelphia, as showing that, naturally, Washington was a man of extraordinary passions and sensibilities.

Gipsies.—The *Allgemeine Zeitung* mentions, as a peculiar result of the present state of affairs in Europe, that the gipsies of Hungary have resolved to leave that country, where great numbers have dwelt for the last four years, and are wandering through the Austrian dominions, in search of some spot upon which to pitch tents. It is said that they intend leaving Europe for Africa.

☞ The Pleasantest Ringing in One's Ears.—The dinner bell.—*Punch.*

Wit and Humor.

A CONUNDRUMICAL LOAFER.

A fellow in a complete suit of faded corduroy, and very dirty withal, tumbled off the steps of St. Andrew's Church, just as the watchman arrived at the spot, and making two or three revolutions on the pavement, stopped face upward before the officer and propounded the following query:

"I say, watchy, are you pretty sharp at conundrums? Why am I like a backsliding Christian? That's a pretty tough one, you think? Well, don't puzzle. It's because I fell away from the church, and am likely to be picked up by the d—l at last."

The watchman, without thanking him for the infernal compliment, picked him up. On the route down Chesnut street, the captive addressed the captor again:

"Watchy, I'll try you with another. Why am I like the Emperor of Hayti?"

"Because you are a saucy scoundrel."

"No; because I am attended by a blackguard."

"And because you are as big a blackguard yourself as could be picked up in a year's travel."

Nothing more was said till they came in front of Col. Wood's Museum, when the corduroy man once more addressed the man of the mace and rattle.

"Don't get out of heart, watchy. Better luck next time. Why are the Quaker Giant and myself like the god of marriage?"

"Because you are humbugs."

"Bah! no. Because we are high men." (Hymen.)

"Do you call yourself a high man?"

"Yes, I do. I'm pretty high, I think; if ten smallers of whiskey can make me so. Besides, I'm a trump; an ace of trumps, and you know that's always high."

"Ay; in the game of All Fours."

"That's the game I was playing when you came across me."

"You were playing *low*, I think; for you were flat on your back. But I'll play the deuce with you, and that will be low enough, if you don't get along without any more talk."

"You are not as bright, old fellow, as I thought you were; but here's one I guess that you can chew. Why are you like sugar candy?"

"I can't exactly say," replied the watchman, a little flattered by the saccharine comparison.

"Well, it's because I'd like to lick you, if I had a chance," said the prisoner at the very moment he was thrust into the cage.

This morning, when the conundrum-maker answered to the name of Simon Pearce, the watchman's evidence was heard, and a commitment for vagrancy was speedily made out.

"Can I say a word or two?" asked Simon.

"Certainly," answered the Mayor.

"Why," said the incorrigible offender, "why is a small bob-tail brown horse with a blaze face, like Gov. Bigler?"

"Take him away," said his honor, and the last conundrum remains without solution, to exercise the guessing faculties of *our* readers.—*Philadelphia Mercury.*

FROM PUNCH.

Laying a Heavy Charge.—The report of one of the Parliamentary sittings commences thus—

"The treaty with Austria was laid on the table."

In connection with this fact, we can only trust that the table is warranted sound, and not manufactured on a shifting policy, or we feel sure that the extremely heavy articles which the treaty contains will not only make it groan beneath its weight, but completely stagger it.

New Music.—"Sebastopol, composed by M. Hornblower." He must be a clever man who could "compose" Sebastopol, under present circumstances.

Answer to a Fair Correspondent.—A lady asks us whether we think an action for breach of promise of marriage can be sustained against the writer of the following verse:—

"Angel! beneath whose folded wing
My soul would rest,
Be mine, for lo! I've bought the ring,
And all the rest
Of those house treasures and etceteras,
Which every one who tries his state to better has!"

We doubt the success of an action for breach of promise of marriage; but a more glaring case of "breach of promise of poetry" never came under our observation.

Right or Left.—We were told a few days since the following piece of "skinning," as it was called, and which is rather too good to be lost, showing at the same time the desperate straits a certain class of gentlemen are put to in making a raise. A well known "case," who was hard up for money, meeting a brother chip in the street, told him if he would walk across the street, go into the front door of the hotel opposite, and in walking in be very lame in his right leg, but come out in a few moments and be lame in the left leg, he would make it "all right" with him sometime. Without asking why or wherefore, the fellow did as requested, and the "skinner" going up to a gentleman, remarked to him how lame that man was in his left leg, who was just going into the hotel. The gentleman said he was not lame in his left leg, which the other insisted was not so. But to settle the matter the "skinner" immediately proposed a bet of ten dollars that the man was lame in his left leg, which the gentleman accordingly took up. The money was posted, and in a few moments out came the fellow so desperately lame in his left leg that he could scarcely get down the steps of the hotel, and of course the money was lost by the gentleman, who could scarcely believe his own eyes, for although the man came out lame in the left, he was perfectly certain he went in lame in the right leg, but at the same time he never imagined any collusion between the parties. We have heard of many ways to make a raise, but this goes a little ahead of all.—*Albany Knickerbocker.*

Hints to Married Men.—Peppergrass says that if he stays out late at night, and wishes to avoid a scolding or curtain lecture from Mrs. P., he generally waits out till the "wee sma' hours ayont the twal," when the anger of his better half subsides into fears for his personal safety. He goes out "on business," with a promise to be home at nine. Half-past nine, Mrs. P. uneasy; ten, aggravated; half past ten, positively enraged, and rehearses to herself an address for Peppergrass's especial edification, filled with cutting reproaches; eleven, vague uneasiness, accompanied by an indefinite fear that "something must have happened;" half-past eleven, nervous apprehension—tears take the place of withering glances; twelve o'clock, unendurable suspense—if she only knew the worst; one o'clock, is completely worked up, has the "conniptions," and is about going off the handle, when Peppergrass arrives; throws herself into his arms, overjoyed to see him, as she "was so afraid that some accident must have happened to him."

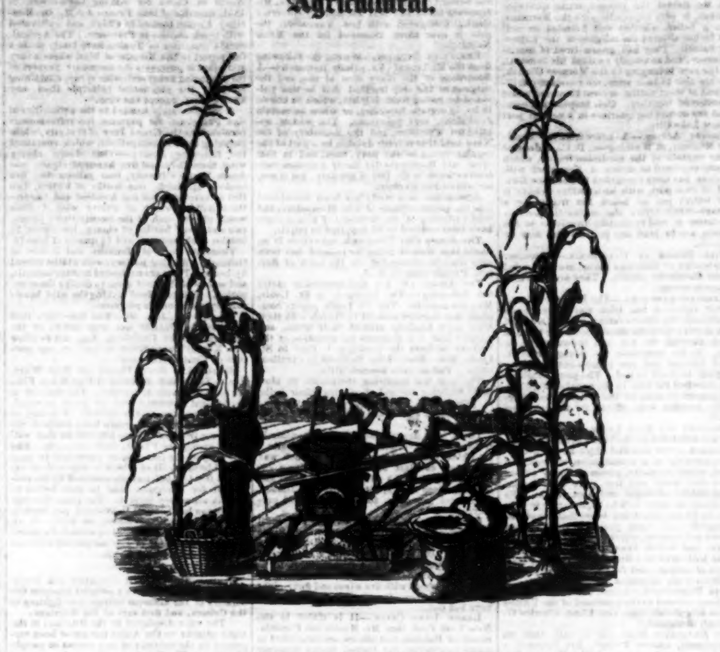
Lines to a Numbreller Vender on seein' of him crawlin' round tryin' to sell 'em.

Pore feller! how I pity you such a wet day as this is,
Soakin round the streets wet as a wharf rat
With plenty of umbrellers under your arm
And nary one over your head—cause you hain't got no chance to spread one.
P'haps your dryer than you would be under one of 'em—
An' the handle might come off where it's glued,
And then you'd hev to spit on it to make it stick
Nobody but a Ninniman would have took up such a business—
Nobody ever thinks of buyin' a numbreller
When he can get one just by steppin into a entry
You must be greener than the greenest in your lot.
Pore feller! I think I see you up to Worcester—
Discharged incurable. Buyin' umbrellers! ha! ha! ha!
My pity's turned to scorn—poor credulous fool.
The world had once a Bank of Honesty—
But that has busted long and long ago—
The President obtains a precarious livin',
And every man's a grabbin' for himself.
Buyin' umbrellers! Clear out vagabond!—
I've heard a idiot's sometimes dangerous;
As you're one of the darkest dye—avaunt!

One of the Valentines.—A bachelor friend of ours got a valentine which "opened" beautifully. The fair writer sang in sweet rhymes that she was dying to learn a secret which he cruelly kept shut up in his heart. It was not to know if he had wealth—it was not to ascertain his pedigree, and learn if he had noble blood in his veins; for love despised all such considerations. But would he tell her and cure the wound in her soul—and thrill a maiden's heart with ineffable joy; would he tell her—and confer a happiness upon her which riches and honor could not bring; would he, would he tell her—*how much he paid for that new wig?*

Clerical Punning.—At a meeting of clergymen, not long since, a reverend gentleman by the name of Loss, of dimensions somewhat extended, both laterally and altitudinally, presented himself. Says one of the brethren to him: "When you left your people you were a great Loss." "Yes," said another, "but when he dies he will be no Loss." "Yes," said a third, "he will be a dead Loss."

Agricultural.



SCOTT'S LITTLE GIANT CORN AND COB MILL.

This is one of the latest improvements of the kind in use, and is attracting no small share of attention. From its simple construction, and adaptation to common farm purposes without the aid of machinery, it is a most desirable article for the farmer.

The mill is made of the best hard cast-iron material, and so constructed that the hopper, when filled by the basketfull at a time, clears itself readily; the ear-corn being crushed by the arms of a revolving hopper-beater or driver, thence falling upon long spike teeth upon the head of the revolving cone or burr, which matches similar groved teeth upon the lower surface of the stationary arms of the shell; completely crumbling the cob upon the top of the inner cone before passing between its main fine grinding surface, and that of the outer shell.

This form of mill, weighing as it does from three to five hundred pounds only, according to size, is peculiarly portable; so much so, as a barrel of water upon a sled—and, in fact, can be placed upon slight runners, and moved from place to place with one horse, and put to work at any time or place in-doors or out, having sufficient space for working a twelve foot sweep; being in complete readiness for attaching the team without machinery or fixtures of any kind.

The inventor claims that this mill will grind ten bushels of chop feed per hour with one horse—and do more work according to power applied, than any other mill yet invented. It has taken the first premiums at every State Fair from Missouri to Maryland the past fall.

The Little Giant is now manufactured at Philadelphia; and further information can be had by applying at Paschall Morris & Co.'s Agricultural Warehouse in this city. See advertisement also.

LIME.

Prof. Johnson says, "the effects of Lime are greatest when well mixed with the soil, and kept near the surface within easy reach of the atmosphere. Its value is greatest upon newly ploughed arable surface soils. Such soils usually contain a large amount of vegetable and other organic matter, hence the rule that Lime ought always to precede putrescent manure, when old leys are broken up for cultivation. It produces a greater proportional improvement on poor soils in their natural state, than on such as are richer; as naturally poor soils contain a greater or less quantity of organic matter, but are nearly destitute of lime. On the other hand, on poor arable lands which have been worn out by repeated liming and cropping, it does no good whatever, as such soils, if they do not already abound in lime, are generally destitute of other kinds of food, organic and inorganic, by which healthy plants are nourished, and they can only be restored to fertility by a judicious admixture of all. On all lands in which vegetable matter is wanting, lime may even do harm to the immediate crops. A consideration of the circumstances above adverted to are sufficient to induce the entire abandonment of it. Where soil has been impoverished through its unskillful application, or by large admixtures of Lime and Marl for a series of years, new additions are a waste of material and labor. When natural causes have removed the superabundance, and produced an accumulation of those other substances which, when associated with lime, increase the productiveness of the soil, the use may be resumed.

American Apples.—It is conceded that the best apples in the world are produced in the United States, and the best *winter* apples grow north of 38 degs. north latitude. Within a few years past, several thousand barrels of fresh apples have been shipped from New York to Liverpool and London, at highly remunerative prices, the best quality, in good condition, bringing from eight to ten dollars a barrel, and, in some instances, even *twenty dollars a barrel*. The charges for freight, by clipper ships, are from 30 to 50 cents a barrel. Steamers charge from $2 to $3.

The best varieties for shipping are the Newtown Pippin, Baldwin, Esopus Spitzenberg, Tompkins County King, Lady Apple, and Red Canada. There are probably other sorts of hardy apples, not yet tried, which would succeed well.

Picking and Packing.—The mode practiced by one of our most successful fruit-growers is thus described: The fruit is picked, one apple at a time, from the tree; when transferred from the handbasket to the large one, only two are taken at a time by hand. These baskets are then drawn, not even on a spring wagon, but on a *sled*, to secure them from jolting. When packed in barrels, they are again taken two at a time by hand. When lowered on shipboard, they are carried carefully to the coolest part of the ship, if in the autumn. At London they are carried by two men on a hand-barrow, with the same care that we carry a costly looking-glass. With these precautions they arrive in better order than market apples usually reach our own cities. The deck of the vessel is found the best place to deposit them; under deck they do not keep well. Three or four quarter-inch holes should be bored into the head for the circulation of air and escape of moisture.

Fruit culturists in the South and West, too far from the seaboard to ship fresh fruit, may find it equally profitable to *dry* their apples for exportation. We have no doubt but that millions of dollars would be paid to our people annually for dried apples, peaches, plums, etc., etc., by England alone, if we would supply that market. Then the *good* which would grow out of it, in a physiological or dietetic point of view, is beyond computation. Friends, will you not set out more fruit trees?

To Destroy Bugs on Vines.—There are a great many remedies recommended to destroy these troublesome insects, but by experience it is found that but few of them will effect the cure. I find that the depredations of the small black bugs can be prevented by a liberal use of sulphur, sprinkled on the leaves; but to destroy the striped bugs, I have never found but one remedy on which I can rely, and that is the following: I go out early in the morning before the bugs can fly, and raise up the leaves of the plants, catch the bugs, and pinch off their heads. I pay strict attention to the business for a few mornings, and am troubled with them no more during the season. The large brown bug may be treated in the same way; but as this bug emits a very disagreeable odor, those whose olfactory nerves are a little delicate, can kill them with a pair of pincers or other instrument prepared for the purpose.

Gherkins being very small and tender when they first come up, great pains must be taken with them the first week, otherwise you cannot expect success. As gherkins are very little cultivated in this part of the State, many people know not what they are; therefore it may not be amiss to describe them. They are a species of cucumber, raised on purpose for pickling, and for their uncouth appearance are esteemed by many.—*Country Gentleman.*

Best Vegetable for Milch Cows.—A correspondent of the *Northern Farmer* says:—The vegetable I wish to recommend as the best, all things considered, for milch cows in winter, is white flat turnips. Some, perhaps, will object to the turnip, because it will affect the taste of the milk and butter. So it does if fed raw; this can be avoided by boiling. For each cow boil half a bushel of turnips soft; while hot add five or six quarts of shorts, which will swell, and you will get the full worth of it. A mess like this, fed to a cow once a day, will produce more milk of a good quality, than any other feed at the same cost. Turnips fed in this way do not taint either the milk or butter. One thing in favor of turnips as food for cows, is, they can be sown in August, or as late as the first of September. I sowed some as late as September last year, which were very fine. Turnips are also very profitable food for pigs, when boiled in the same way as for cows.

WHO WAS THE INVENTOR OF THE FIRST SUCCESSFUL REAPING MACHINE?

Although the subject of reaping and mowing machines has, for several years past, been of paramount interest with the majority of farmers, but few are familiar with the facts contained in the following extracts from a series of deeply interesting articles on the "*History of Reaping Machines*," in course of publication in the Scientific American. The extracts are from the pen of Mr. Hussey, who claims the honor of having invented the first successful reaper.

There is no account of any successful reaper in ancient times, and it is well known that England and Scotland never produced any up to the time of the London Exhibition of all nations in 1851; it consequently follows that the claim of priority is clearly confined to the United States. The question then is, who originated the successful reaping and mowing machine?

I do not desire to urge any unjust claim for myself, but I wish to maintain the credit which is justly due to me.

It is known to the country, and by farmers in particular, that there are at the present day several successful reaping machines, which are known by different names; but it is not generally known that all of them, without exception, embrace substantially the principle invented by me, and exhibited by myself in successful operation in the harvest field as long ago as 1833, and however surprising and unexpected this statement may appear, it is nevertheless true that there is no successful reaping and mowing machine now in use without it. Most of the reaping and mowing machines of the present day are of recent date; nearly all of them are little more than copies of my invention.

The old Roman machine seems to have been little more than a cart, backed up to the wheat. This mode of approaching the grain was followed by the Scotch and English inventors from the remotest period in the history of reapers down to 1854. The earliest of these English and Scotch machines appear to have been constructed on the rotary principle, the cutting instruments being placed on the periphery of a large horizontal wheel, which revolved near the ground. Bell, of Scotland, at a later period used scissors. His machine presented to the grain a row of pointed blades, which operated like a series of tailor's shears, but it was soon pronounced a failure. The American reapers woke it up from a long sleep in 1851. It was resuscitated and flourished for a brief season, took the English and Scotch prizes in 1853 by especial favor, and was again condemned at the late meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society held in Lincoln, (England), the present year, 1854.

Much time, labor, and money were expended on these early inventions during many years, but there does not appear to be any record of a successful reaper until my discovery, first publicly exhibited in successful operation on the 2nd day of July, 1833.

In conclusion, I will submit the following points and leave it to the judgment of the public to decide who was the inventor of the successful reaping and mowing machine:

First.—Every effort at reaping by machinery from the earliest time down to July, the 2nd, A. D., 1833, were failures.

Second.—The double or slotted finger in combination with vibrating blades was not used by any other person than myself previous to the 2nd day of July, 1833. On that day this invention was put into successful operation by me, and its performance approved by an agricultural society then present on the field.

Third.—Every successful reaping and mowing machine, of whatever name, which has been brought before the public since that time, is substantially of the principle invented by me, and put in successful operation by myself on the 2nd of July, 1833.

No change has been made in the cutting apparatus of my reaper since 1833, except an improvement to prevent choking, but several changes have from time to time been made in the construction of the woodwork, and in the arrangement of the gearing, to render the machine convenient and durable, and of lighter draught.

Out Door Exercise.—It is owing, mainly, to their delight in out-door exercise, that the elevated classes in England reach a patriarchal age, notwithstanding their habits of high living, of late hours, of wine drinking, and many other health-destroying agencies; the deaths of their generals, their lords, their earls and their dukes, are chronicled almost every week, at 70, 80 and 90 years; it is because they will be on horseback, the most elegant, rational and accomplished of all forms of mere exercise, both for sons and daughters. But the whole credit of longevity in these classes, must not be given to their love of field sports, it must be divided with the not less characteristic traits of an English nobleman—he will take the world easy; and could we, as a people, persuade ourselves to do the same thing habitually, it would add ten years to the average of human life, and save many a broken heart, and broken fortune, and broken constitution.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

A Sharp Boy.—The Rutland (Vt.) Herald says that on the last night of the Vermont legislative session, while the school bill was under discussion, a member complained that schoolboys had lost their politeness and their respect. Mr. Bartlett, of Lyndon, said: "I acknowledge the truth of the gentleman's remarks. I was once forced to take off my cat skin cap to every passer-by. Now, no boy uncovers his head. A few years since I was riding through Orleans county in a sleigh, and overtook a boy who had attained the age of nine years. He stepped out of the road to let me pass. There he stood upon the crust—erect, bold and aspiring. He did not propose to doff his beaver—*not he*. Said I, 'My lad, you should always take off *your* hat to a gentleman.' Said he, '*I always do, sir.*'"

☞ A new work is now in press which it is anticipated will meet with an immense sale. It is entitled "Smith on the Evasion of Debts."

For Housekeepers.

Minced Veal.—Any remains of roast veal may be quickly dressed to good advantage, as follows, by the aid of the frying pan. Cut all the meat and fat off the joint into small dice; calculate the amount of fat you put with the lean, say three ounces for every pound; when cut, put a pound of it on a dish, add to it a teaspoonful of salt, a little pepper, two spoonsful of flour, and a chopped onion; put in the pan half a pint of water to boil, two teaspoonfuls of coloring; then put the meat in, stir it, let it simmer gently for twenty minutes, and serve on toast; poached eggs on it are very good; or put the mince into a tin pan, breadcrumb over, drop a little butter or dripping over, then put it in the oven, or before the fire to brown. The mince may be made white by using milk instead of water and coloring.

Best Bread.—The best bread is that made of *unbolted wheat flour*. In some cases a small portion of white bread may be desirable, but the brown, after a short time, will be found more palatable, and conducive to a more regular and healthy condition of the system. It has been ascertained that even dogs cannot live over fifty days fed upon fine flour bread and water; when fed upon such as contained the whole or a large portion of the bran, they are found in no respect to suffer.—*Water-Cure Journal.*

Sausage.—To make good, sweet and tender sausage, take the meat from the hog, put it in a clean, suitable place to freeze; when it is frozen, chop it fine with knives, not grind it; salt, pepper and sage according to your liking, all without the use of water; then it will keep sweet and tender.

Celery.—This delicious vegetable is not generally appreciated as a cooking vegetable. Wash the stems clean in salt and water, and drop them into fair boiling water. After boiling twenty minutes take up and drain; place some toasted bread in the bottom of a dish; now lay the celery over and season with melted butter, pepper, salt, and such other condiments as the taste may dictate.

Veal Curry.—One pound and a half of veal cutlet from the neck, two tablespoonfuls of curry powder, two tablespoonfuls of flour, a little salt, pepper, and cayenne, a large acid apple, one small shalot, stock sufficient to cover it. Cut the meat into cutlets; take care to have a bone in each, and fry them a light brown with a little butter. The shalot should be fried at the same time. Peel and core the apple, and cut it up; stew the meat, shalot, and apple in the stock for half an hour very gently; then add the curry powder and flour, having previously mixed them with half a cup of stock. Pass it through a sieve. Let it boil up twice, dish up the cutlets, and pour the sauce over them. This curry is excellent. It may be made in the same manner with chickens or rabbits; and should apples not be in season, a little lemon-juice may be added just before it is boiled up. In India, the pleasant acid of fresh tamarinds is used.

As well-boiled rice is so essential with curry, I will add the receipt for it here: Put on a saucepanful of water, let it boil *fast*; sprinkle in a little salt, and then the rice, dropping it into the water with the hand. Do not cover the saucepan. When the rice is done, strain off the water, and set it on a cloth before the fire to drain. Toss it up a little with two forks, and serve it in a dish *separate* from the curry. Select large rice to boil for the curry, and of the best description only.

Onions.—It is perhaps unknown to many of our readers that the onion is one of the most nutritious of roots, containing, when dried, from twenty-five to thirty per cent. of gluten. It is a great staple of life in Spain and Portugal. Onions are not a relish merely, to the Spaniard, for they sustain his strength, and add beyond what their bulk would suggest, to the amount of nourishment which his simple meal supplies.

The Olio.

Robert Hall.—I was once in the library at the academy, conversing with one of the students who was speaking of his experience, and lamented the hardness of his heart. Robert Hall, as he was taking down a book from the shelf hearing this, turned toward him, and said, "Well, thy head is soft enough; that's a comfort." I could not laugh at this; it grieved me; for the young man was modest and humble and diffident. A minister, popular too, one day said to me, "I wonder you think so highly of Mr. Hall's talents. I was some time ago travelling with him in Wales, and we had several disputes, and I more than once soon silenced him." I concluded how the truth was; and some weeks after, when his name was mentioned, Mr. Hall asked me if I knew him. "I lately travelled with him," said he, "and it was wonderful, sir, how such a baggage of ignorance and confidence could have been squeezed into the vehicle. He disgusted and wearied me with his dogmatism and perverseness, till God was good enough to enable me to go to sleep."—*Jay's Memories.*

The Monad.—The monad, the smallest of all living creatures, swarms by myriads in a drop of water; for it has been computed that within this small space no less than *five hundred million* could be comprised; and this calculation is not to be regarded as unworthy of confidence, inasmuch as the monad is never found to attain a length greater than the *twelve thousandth part of an inch*. In a cubic inch of a certain kind of mould, consisting entirely of animalcules, more than *forty-one millions* of distinct beings were estimated by Ehrenberg to exist; a fact which, when taken in connexion with others of the same nature, renders it highly probable that the living beings of the microscopic world surpass in number those which are visible to the naked eye.

☞ Time has a Doomsday Book, upon whose pages he is continually recording illustrious names.

LINES.

Who knows, when he is go from home
[illegible] from his door,
Or when, or how he back shall come,
Or whether ever more.
For some who walk abroad in health,
In sickness back are brought;
And some who have gone forth with wealth,
Have back returned with naught.

Lord, therefore now I go abroad,
My guard I Thee [illegible];
And humbly beg of Thee, oh, God,
My going forth to bless.
Go with me whither I would go,
Stay with me where I stay,
Do for me what I ought to do,
Speak Thou what I should say.
From taking wrong, from doing harm,
From thoughts and speeches ill,
From passion's rage, from pleasure's charm,
Vouchsafe to keep me still.
But let my going out and in,
My thoughts, my words, and ways,
Be always safe, still free from sin,
And ever to Thy praise.

Introduction of Plants into England.—Pine apples were first grown by Rose, gardener to Charles II. Sir Walter Raleigh introduced the potato. Sir Anthony Ashley, the ancestor of Lord Shaftesbury, first planted cabbages in that country, and a cabbage appears at his feet on his monument. Sir Richard Weston brought over clover grass from Flanders in 1645. Figs were planted in Henry VIII.'s reign, at Lambeth, by Cardinal Pole; and it is said the identical trees are yet remaining. Spelman, in 1590, planted two lime trees at Dartford, which are still growing there. Thomas Lord Cromwell enriched the gardens of England with three different kinds of plums. It was Evelyn, whose patriotism was not exceeded by his learning, who largely propagated the noble oak in that country; so much so that the trees which he planted have supplied the navy of Great Britain with its chief proportion of that timber. Cherries were first planted in Kent by the Knights Templars, who brought them from the East; and the first mulberry trees were also planted in Kent by the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. Aubrey says Sir Richard Weston brought the first clover grass, about 1645, out of Brabant or Flanders. The introduction of turnips, and also of sanfoin, is also attributed to him, and his memory is still revered by every inhabitant of Surrey acquainted with his deeds. He died in 1652.

Book Your Expenses.—There was not a little sound sense and business discrimination in the merchant who, happening to see his son take from his till three cents to pay for a cigar, exclaimed, authoritatively, "Book it, Joe. Book it!"

The foolish expenditures of almost every man would be very much curtailed if every cent that passed out of his hands had a place, a date, and a *purpose* on the cash book. The entry of "cigars," "pachewing," "plug," "pipes," "smashers," "cocktails," "juleps," &c., with price annexed, and now and then a dollar for some *purpose* of *perdition*, would furnish no very pleasant theme for meditation in a calm review of the past. It is by guarding the avenues to the treasure-house, that the treasure is preserved. It is by stopping the streams therefrom, that the water in a fountain accumulates—and nothing would be more efficacious in doing this than a knowledge of the amount and *purpose* of every expenditure.—*American Agriculturist.*

To Teachers.—Have you a wicked pupil, one whose conscience slumbers, whose soul is lost to sense of shame, whom you have vainly tried to teach the good, the true, the right; who fills your day with anxious care, your night with sorrowing thought, and whom you sometimes question if you really love? Yet don't seek to crush him with your power. He has a mind and will as free as yours, distinct, unharmonizing. You cannot lead him! Must he then be sacrificed? No, better far that your relations be dissolved and he go free. If free to ruin, you have not driven him there; restrain you could not. Perhaps another hand may gently touch the chord you could not find. Another heart may find some sympathy where you were hated; not by more care, but being of different nature may mould him to his will, may curb his fiery temper, cure his leprosy and build him up a man. Then would your heart rejoice, and so would Heaven.—*Brownell.*

St. Peter's.—At half past five o'clock on the evening of the day upon which the doctrine of the immaculate conception of the Virgin was declared, the whole dome, sides and front of the great church of St. Peter's, in Rome, was suddenly illuminated, as if by magic, with a multitude of silver lights. For half an hour it remained thus like a magnificent fairy temple; but at the instant when the first stroke of the bell announced the hour of six, the silver lights disappeared and gave place to gold, so that at a distance it seemed as if the church was in a grand blaze of fire.

☞ It may sound paradoxical to say, what however is true, that *standing on ceremony* is one extreme, and *trampling on it is another.*

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 35 letters.

My 23, 8, 9, 14, 18, 21, 26, 29, is a county in New Hampshire.
My 2, 11, 12, 30, 24, 13, 16, 33, 9, 25, is a county in New York.
My 30, 7, 27, 11, 29, 33, is a county in New York.
My 9, 9, 19, 11, is a county in New York.
My 32, 8, 16, 29, 11, 9, is a county in New Jersey.
My 3, 12, 6, 18, 5, 27, 15, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 10, 9, 17, 7, 31, is a county in New York.
My 7, 16, 11, 6, 13, 19, 20, is a county in North Carolina.
My 11, 9, 4, 15, 23, 29, 9, 34, 6, is a county in South Carolina.
My 21, 28, 29, 2, 24, 20, 12, 35, 6, is a county in Connecticut.
My 29, 19, 23, 1, 2, 3, 5, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 5, 6, 15, 23, 30, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 9, 15, 10, 19, 30, is a county in Missouri.
My 10, 8, 11, is a county in Virginia.
My 13, 30, 29, 21, 21, 1, 3, 5, is a county in Florida.
My 12, 18, 30, 11, 35, 25, 22, is a county in New York.

My whole is an American officer who served in the war with Mexico, and is now an eminent lawyer of Philadelphia.

Acrostically—My whole is a celebrated Swedish writer.

"GAMMEW."

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 20 letters.

My 1, 18, 14, 11, 18, is the store-house of all our [illegible]ings.
My 4, 5, 2, 1, 7, was the mother of a Trojan hero.
My 10, 11, 1, 15, 18, 11, 7, 5, is what you always [illegible]
My 20, 7, 7, is an animal supposed to have a fine ear for music.
My 13, 1, 12, 7, was a poet of Smyrna.
My 12, 5, 6, 11, 2, 3, 20, the goddess of the groves.
My 1, 3, 5, 7, 9, 20, the goddess of fire.
My 19, 11, 2, 17, 20, 19, is the name of a cluster of islands.
My 16, 9, 2, 19, 10, 5, is the name of my delicious [illegible] Tobacco.

My whole is the name of a celebrated institution of learning.

B. F. C.

Capon, Va.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is full often at dinner enjoyed,
My second a little word often employed,
My third is a letter we use to express
Emotions of gladness as well as distress.
My whole affords pleasure when rightly 'tis used,
And very soon tells you when it is abused.

A. L. S.

PUZZLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In a house of our town reside three widows, two of them have two children each, and the third one child; they all live together, and there are but six of them; how can it be? what relationship do they bear each other?

Talladega.

J. S.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A body is dropped into a well, and is heard to strike the bottom in 4 seconds. What is the depth of the well, the velocity of sound being 1,120 feet per second?

Tuscaloosa, Ala.

H. M. G.

CONUNDRUMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

☞ When does a reader of this paper come to occupy a respectable position? Ans.—When he "resigns" the Post.

☞ Why ought the Siamese Twins never to quarrel? Ans.—Because they are so strongly attached to each other.

☞ Why has Pennsylvania always occupied a high rank for intelligence? Ans.—Because she commenced her career with an able Penn, and has always been distinguished for her able Pens.

☞ What has produced more harm than all the [illegible] of Lapland? Ans.—The whiskey jug, of course.

Sparta, Ill.

S. H. WELDEN.

IMPORTANT QUESTIONS.

Where was the celebrated gunpowder plot situated, and was it a green plot?

Was Sterne, the writer, a very severe man?

Was Pitt the deepest politician of his day?

When a youth is said to be "fond of the weed," does [illegible] which weed?

Is buckwheat a particularly smart looking grain?

Does it follow that potatoes are suicides because they [illegible] out their eyes?

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA—College Temple, Newnan, Georgia. MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA—A [illegible] from the Apple of Discord. ENIGMA—Lindenwood—Lind—den—ode—wood—line—deed—oil. CHARADE—[illegible]